



Clibber

T H E
Tragical History
O F
King Richard III.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL.

By *C. Cibber.*

Domestica Facta.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *B. Lintott* at the Middle Temple-Gate, in Eleet-street, and
A. Bettefworth at the Red-Lyon on London-Bridge.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Newly publish'd, a Collection of Novels, in 2 Vol. viz. The secret History of the Earl of Essex and Queen Elizabeth. The Happy Slave, in 3 Parts, and the Double Cuckold: To which is added, the Art of Pleasing in Conversation: By Cardinal Richlieu. Vol. 2. contains the Heroine Musqueteer, in 4 Parts. Incognita, or Love and Duty Reconcil'd: By Mr. Congreve. The Pilgrim, in 2 Parts, Price 10 s. Each Vol. may be had singly.

The History of the Reign of Lewis XIII. King of France and Navarre: Containing the most Remarkable Occurrences in France and Europe, during the Minority of that Prince: By Mr. Michal le Vassor, faithfully Translated. Price 5 s.

Where Gentlemen and Ladies may have all sorts of Plays and Novels.



T O
H E N R Y B R E T T, Jun.
O F
C O W L E Y, Esq;

I Was ever Fond and Proud of your good opinion, it has sometimes recommended me to Men of the first merit ; where, without that umbrage, perhaps, not all the Advantages of Fortune, could have made me tolerable. You taught me first to know a little of my self, then shew'd me other Men ; and knowing them, taught me to value You. I know not whether the World will allow there can be any Gratitude in a Dedication ; but I am assur'd you are well enough acquainted with my sincerity, to believe this comes purely from an Hearty and Uninterested Inclination. I am loath to remind you of the many handsom Obligations you have laid on me ; for in being thanked I have observ'd you often in a pain great as your delight in giving : Which generous softness in your Temper has made me many times

A 2

conclude,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

conclude, that were you once *Passionately* touch'd in Love (as certainly no man was ever so kindly formed for it) the happy Fair One will at least have this security, that your Natural Pleasure in obliging will instruct her to preserve you long, and only *Hers*. I can't help talking thus, because I am fond of publishing that ev'n such Qualities are what I have had several Happy hours of leisure to observe in you. Nay, I freely confess, I have all the *Vanity* of a young Lover, and can't really think the Fair One absolutely mine, till I have told all the World of her favours. I wou'd have my Lord, and all the *Cheerful Table* know, that the very Gentleman they were so loath to part with, had outstaid his Appointment with Cibber for the reading an Act or two of Richard III. I would have my Lady know too, that ask'd the Civil Gentleman's name in the next Box, that 'twas not her Ladyships kind advances that kept him there, but a certain Promise made him behind the Scenes, that a little Extraordinary Pains should be taken in the Performance of one of Richard's Soliloquies; And I wou'd have the Players know, that my so often wishing the Vacation near, is, because Cowley and your Conversation in the Summer to me, perhaps

The Epistle Dedicatory.

perhaps is as *Entertaining an Amusement*, as a *Family*, and *Uncertain pay in the Winter*. I once designed to have delay'd this *Dedication* till I was capable of prefixing it to some piece more worthy your *Acceptance*: You have often perswaded me to undertake another *Comedy*; but, I confess, your own happy *Talent* in that kind (you'll excuse my blabbing) and your common *Conversation*, have quite discourag'd me: A *Poet* ought to be vain enough to suppose himself the best in his kind, and unless I could believe I were able to write, as you talk, with the same life, and happy turn of *Thought*, it will be *Prudence* in me to let it alone till I am advis'd to it by some body that knows you, as well as I do: So that I rather chuse to pay this little, while I have it, than by an *Idle Expectation* of better success, run the hazard of being in your debt as long as I live: but that I am afraid I shall ever be; my long *Account* will not be easily settled, while you forget as fast as you confer, and always grant a favour, as if you were returning one, so 'tis partly your own *Fault* if I subscribe myself,

Your eternally obliged
and humble Servant,
Colley Cibber.

Lon. Feb.
1700.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

THis Play came upon the Stage with a very Unusual disadvantage, the whole first Act being Intirely left out in the Presentation ; and tho' it had been read by several persons of the first Rank and Integrity, some of which were pleas'd to honour me with an offer of giving it under their hands that the whole was an Inoffensive piece, and free from any bold Paralel, or ill manner'd reflection, yet this was no satisfaction to him, who had the Relentless power of licensing it for the Stage. I did not spare for intreaties ; but all the reason I could get for its being refus'd, was, that *Henry the Sixth* being a Character Unfortunate and Pitied, wou'd put the Audience in mind of the late *King James* : Now, I confess, I never thought of him in the Writing it, which possibly might proceed from there not being any likeness between 'em. But however, there was no hazard of offending the Government, though the whole Play had been refus'd, and a man is not obliged to be just, when he can get as much by doing an Injury. I am only sorry it hapned to be the best Act in the Whole, and leave it to the Impartial Reader how far it is offensive, and whether its being Acted would have been as injurious to good Manners, as the omission of it was to the rest of the Play.

Tho' there was no great danger of the Readers mistaking any of my lines for *Shakespear's* ; yet, to satisfy the curious, and unwilling to assume more praise than is really my due, I have caus'd those that are intirely *Shakespear's* to be Printed in this *Italick Character* ; and those lines with this mark (') before 'em, are generally his thoughts, in the best dress I could afford 'em : What is not so mark'd, or in a different Character is intirely my own. I have done my best to imitate his Style, and manner of thinking : If I have fail'd, I have still this comfort, that our best living Author in his imitation of *Shakespear's* Style only writ Great and Masterly.

P E R-

The Persons.

K ing Henry the Sixth, designed for	Mr. Wilks.
Edward Prince of <i>Wales</i> ,	
Richard Duke of <i>York</i> , the young Sons of Ed-	Mrs. Allison.
ward the Fourth.	Miss. Chock.
Richard Duke of <i>Gloucester</i> , afterwards King	Mr. Cibber.
of <i>England</i> .	
Duke of <i>Buckingham</i> .	Mr. Powel.
Lord <i>Stanley</i> .	Mr. Mills.
Duke of <i>Norfolk</i> .	Mr. Simpson.
<i>Ratcliff</i> .	Mr. Kent.
<i>Catesby</i> .	Mr. Thomas.
Henry Earl of <i>Richmond</i> , afterwards King of	Mr. Evans.
<i>England</i> .	
<i>Oxford</i> .	Mr. Fairbank.
<i>Blunt</i> , &c.	

<i>Elizabeth</i> ,	Relict of <i>Edward</i> the Fourth.	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Ann</i> ,	Relict of <i>Edward</i> Prince of	
	<i>Wales</i> , Son to <i>Henry</i> the Sixth,	Mrs. Rogers.
	afterwards married to <i>Rich-</i>	
	the Third.	
<i>Cicely</i> ,	Dutcheſs of <i>York</i> , Mother to	Mrs. Powel.
	<i>Richard</i> the Third.	

ACT

ACT the First.

The Scene, A Garden within the Tower.

Enter the Lieutenant with a Servant.

Lieu. **H**AS King *Henry* walk'd forth this Morning?

Ser. No, Sir, but 'tis near his Hour.

Lieu. At any time when you see him here,
Let no Stranger into the Garden:

I wou'd not have him star'd at ——— See! Who's that
Now entring at the Gate?

Ser. Sir, the Lord *Stanley*.

Lieu. Leave me. ———

[*Ex. Servant.*]

Enter Lord Stanley.

My Noble Lord you're welcome to the Tower,
I heard last Night you late arriv'd with News
Of *Edward's* Victory to his joyful Queen.

Ld. Sta. Yes, Sir; and I am proud to be the Man
That first brought home the last of Civil Broils,
The Houses now of *York*, and *Launcester*,
Like Bloody Brothers fighting for Birth-right,
No more shall wound the Parent, that wou'd part 'em.
Edward now sits secure on *England's* Throne.

Lieu. Near *Tewkesbury*, my Lord I think they fought:
Has the Enemy lost any Men of Note?

Ld. Sta. Sir, I was Posted Home
E're an Account was taken of the Slain,

B

But

But as I left the Field, a Proclamation
From the King was made in Search of *Edward*,
Son to your Prisoner, King *Henry* the Sixth,
Which gave Reward to those Discover'd him,
And him his Life, if he'd surrender.

Lieu. That Brave Young Prince, I fear's unlike his Father,
Too high of Heart to brook submissive Life :
This will be heavy News to *Henry's* Ear :
For on this Battles cast his All was set.

Ld. Sta. King *Henry*, and ill Fortune are familiar :
He ever threw with an indifferent Hand,
But never yet was known to lose his Patience :
How does he pass the Time in his Confinement ?

Lieu. As one whose Wishes never reacht a Crown,
The King seems Dead in him : But as a Man
He sighs sometimes in want of Liberty,
Sometimes he Reads, and Walks, wishes
That Fate had blest him with an humbler Birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a Throne.

Ld. Sta. Were it not possible to see this King ?
They say he'll freely talk with *Edward's* Friends,
And ever treats him with Respect, and Honour.

Lieu. This is his usual Time of walking forth,
(For he's allow'd the freedom of the Garden ;)
After his Morning-Prayer ? he seldom fails :
Behind this Arbor we unseen may stand
A while t'observe him.

(*They retire.*)

Enter King Henry the Sixth in Mourning.

K. Hen. By this time the Decisive Blow is struck,
Either my Queen and Son are blest with Victory,
Or I'm the cause no more of Civil Broils.

Wou'd I were Dead if Heavens good Will were so,
" For what is in this World but Grief and Care ?
What Noise, and Bustle do Kings make to find it ?
When Life's but a short Chace, our Game content
Which most pursued is most compell'd to fly ;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest Hope,
Shall often Run his Courser to a stand,
While the poor Peasant from some distant Hill
Undanger'd, and at Ease views all the Sport,
And sees Content take shelter in his Cottage.

Ld. Sta.

Ld. Sta. He seems Extreemly mov'd.

Lieu. Does he know you?

Ld. Sta. No! nor wou'd I have him. } (*Aside.*)

Lieu. We'll show our selves.

(*They come forward.*)

K. Hen. Why, there's another Check to Proud Ambition.

That Man receiv'd his Charge from me, and now

I'm his Prisoner, he lock's me to my Rest:

Such an unlook'd for Change who cou'd suppose,

That saw him kneel to Kifs the Hand that rais'd him?

But that I shou'd not now complain off,

Since I from thence may happily derive

His Civil Treatment of me, ——— 'Morrow Lieutenant,

Is any News arriv'd? ——— Who's that with you?

Lieu. A Gentleman that came last Night Express
From *Tewkesbury*. We've had a Battle, Sir.

K. Hen. Comes he to me with Letters or Advice?

Lieu. Sir, he's King *Edward's* Officer, your Foe.

K. Hen. Then he won't flatter me, you're welcome, Sir;

Not less because you are King *Edward's* Friend;

For I have almost learn'd my self to be so:

Cou'd I but once forget I was a King,

I might be truly Happy, and his Subject.

You've gain'd a Battle? Is't not so?

Ld. Sta. We have, Sir; How, will reach your Ear too soon.

K. Hen. If to my Loss, it can't too soon? Pray speak,

For Fear makes Mischief greater than it is:

My Queen! my Son! say, Sir! are they living!

Ld. Sta. Since my Arrival, Sir, another Post
Came in, who brought us word your Queen, and Son
Were Prisoners now at *Tewkesbury*.

K. Hen. Heav'ns Will be done! the Hunters have 'em now—
And I have only Sighs, and Prayers to help 'em!

Ld. Sta. King *Edward*, Sir, depends upon his Sword,
Yet prays heartily, when the Battle's won:
And Soldiers love a Bold and Active Leader,
Fortune like Women will be close pursu'd;
The *English* are high Mettl'd, Sir, and 'tis
No easie part to Sit 'em well. King *Edward*
Feels their Temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.

K. Hen. Alas, I thought 'em Men, and rather hop'd
To win their Hearts by Mildness, than Severity.

My Soul was never form'd for Cruelty,

In my Eye Justice has seem'd bloody,

When on the City Gates I have beheld

A Traytor's Quarters parching in the Sun,
 My Blood has turn'd with Horror of the Sight,
 I took 'em down, and Buried with his Limbs
 The Memory of the Dead Man's Deeds: Perhaps
 That Pity made me look less Terrible,
 Giving the mind of weak Rebellion Spirit:
 For King's are put in Truſt for all Mankind,
 And when themſelves take Injuries, who is ſafe?
 If ſo I have deſerv'd theſe frowns of Fortune.

Enter a Servant to the Lieutenant.

Ser. Sir, here's a Gentleman brings a Warrant.
 For his Access to King Henry's Preſence.

Lieu. I come to him.

Ld. Sta. His Buſineſs may require your Privacy,
 I'll leave you, Sir, wiſhing you all the Good
 That can be wiſh'd, not wronging him I ſerve.

(Ex. Lord Stan.)

K. Hen. Farewell: Who can this be? A ſudden Coldneſs
 Like the Damp Hand of Death has ſeiz'd my Limbs:
 I fear ſome heavy News!——

Enter Lieutenant.

Who is it, good Lieutenant?

Lieu. A Gentleman, Sir, from Tewkesbury, he ſeems
 A melancholly Meſſenger: For when I ask'd
 What News? His Answer was a deep ſaught Sigh:
 I wou'd not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal.

Enter Treſſell in Mourning.

K. Hen. Fatal indeed! His Brows the Title Page
 That ſpeaks the Nature of a Tragick Volume;
 " Say, Friend, how does my Queen, my Son!
 Thou trembleſt, and the whiteness of thy Cheek
 Is apter than thy Tongue to tell the Errand,
 Ev'n ſuch a Man, ſo Faint, ſo Spiritleſs,
 So Dull, ſo Dead in Look, to Woe be gone,
 Drew Priam's Curtain in the Dead of Night,
 And wou'd have told him half his Troy was burn'd,
 But Priam found the Fire, e're he his Tongue,
 And I my poor Son's Death e're thou relateſt it;
 Now wou'd'ſt thou ſay: Your Son did thus and thus,

" And

“ And thus your Queen ; So fought the Valiant *Oxford*,
 Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold Deeds,
 But in the End (to stop my Ear indeed,) *Thou hast a Sigh to blow away this Praise,*

“ Ending with Queen and Son, and all are Dead.

Tress. “ Your Queen yet Lives, and many of your Friends,

“ But for my Lord your Son —

K. Hen. Why, he is Dead ; — yet speak, I Charge thee !

“ Tell thou thy Master his Suspicion lies,

And I will take it as a kind Disgrace,

“ And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.

Tress. Wou’d it were wrong to say, but, Sir, your Fears are true.

K. Hen. Yet for all this, say not my Son is Dead.

Tress. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to

Believe, what wou’d to Heav’n I had not seen !

But in this last Battle, near *Tewkesbury*,

“ Your Son, whose Active Spirit lent a Fire

“ Ev’n to the dullest Peasant in our Camp,

Still made his way, where Danger stood t’oppose him,

A braver Youth of more Courageous Heat,

“ Ne’er spur’d his Courser at the Trumpets sound :

But who can Rule th’ uncertain Chance of War,

In Fine, King *Edward* won the Bloody Field,

Where both your Queen, and Son were made his Prisoners.

K. Hen. “ Yet, hold ! for oh ! this Prologue lets me in

“ To a most fatal Tragedy to come. —

Dy’d he Prisoner, say’st thou ? How ? By Grief,

Or by the bloody Hands of those, that caught him ?

Tress. After the Fight, *Edward* in Triumph ask’d

To see the Captive Prince ; the Prince was brought,

Whom *Edward* roughly Chid for bearing Arms,

Asking what Reparation he cou’d make

For having stirr’d his Subjects to Rebellion ?

Your Son impatient of such Taunts, reply’d,

“ Bow like a Subject, Proud Ambitious *Tork* !

“ While I now speaking with my Father’s Mouth,

“ Propose the self same Rebel Words to thee,

“ Which, Traytor, thou wou’dst have me answer to :

From these, more Words arose, till in the End

King *Edward* swell’d with what th’unhappy Prince

At such a time too freely spoke, his Gauntlet

In his young Face with Indignation struck :

At which Crook’d *Richard*, *Clarence*, and the rest

Buried their fatal Daggers in his Heart :

*In Bloody State I saw him on the Earth,
From whence with Life he never more sprung up.*

K. Hen. "O had'st thou stabb'd at every Words deliverance,
"Sharp Ponyards in my Flesh, while this were told
"Thy Wounds had giv'n less Anguish than thy Words.—"

O Heav'ns! methinks I see my tender Lamb
Gasping beneath the Ravenous Wolves fell gripe?
But say, did all? Did they all strike him, say'st thou?

Tress. All, Sir: But the first Wound Duke *Richard* gave.

K. Hen. There let him stop! be that his last of Ills!
O barbarous Act; Unhospitable Men!

Against the rigid Laws of Arms to kill him!
Was't not enough, his hope of Birth-right gone,
But must your Hate be levell'd at his Life?

Nor cou'd his Father's Wrongs content you?
Nor cou'd a Father's Grief dissuade the Deed?

"You have no Children, (Butchers if you had)
"The thought of them wou'd sure have stirr'd Remorse"

Tress. Take Comfort, Sir; and hope a better Day.

K. Hen. O! who can hold a Fire in his Hand,
By thinking on the Frosty Caucasus?

Or wallow Naked in December's Snow,
"By bare remembrance of the Summer's Heat?"

Away! by Heav'n, I shall abhor his Sight,
Whoever bids me be of Comfort more:

If thou wilt sooth my Sorrows, then I'll thank thee:
Ay! now thou'rt kind indeed! these Tears oblige me.

Tress. Alas, my Lord! I fear more Evils toward you.

K. Hen. Why, let it come! I scarce shall feel it now,
My present Woes have beat me to the Ground,
And my hard Fate can make me fall no lower:

What can it be? Give it its ugliest Shape,——O my poor Boy!——

Tress. A word does that it comes in *Gloucester's* Form.

K. Hen. Frightful indeed! give me the worst that threatens.

Tress. After the Murther of your Son, stern *Richard*,
As if unsated with the Wounds he had giv'n,
With unwash'd Hands went from his Friends in hast,
And being ask'd by *Clarence* of the Cause,
He low'ring cry'd, Brother, I must, to the Tower!
I've Business there, excuse me to the King,
Before you reach the Town, expect some News:
This said, he vanish'd, and I hear's arriv'd.

K. Hen. Why, then the Period of my Woes is set;
For Ills but thought by him are half perform'd.

Enter Lieutenant with a Paper.

Lieu. Forgive me, Sir; what, I'm compell'd to'bey
An Order for your close Confinement.

K. Hen. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?

Lieu. Sir, from the Duke of Gloucester.

K. Hen. Good Night to all then: I obey it——
And now good Friend suppose me on my Death-bed,
And take of me, thy last, short Living leave:——

Nay, keep thy Tears till thou hast seen me Dead:

And when in tedious Winter Nights, with Good

Old Folks, thou sit'st up late

To hear 'em tell thee Dismal Tales

'Of times long past, even now with Woe remember'd;

Before thou bidst good night, to quit their Grief,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send thy hearers weeping to their Beds.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester. Solus:

Rich. Now are our Brows bound with Victorious wreaths,

Our stern alarms are changed to Merry-meetings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim visaged War has smoothed his wrinkled Front,

And now instead of mounting Barbed Steeds

To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries

He Capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber

To the Lascivious Pleasing of a Lute;

But I that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,

I that am curtail'd of Man's fair proportion,

Deform'd, Unfinish'd, sent before my time

Into this breathing World scarce half made up,

And that so lamely and unfashionable

That Dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em;

Why I, in this weak, this piping time of Peace,

Have no delight to pass away my hours,

Unless to see my shadow in the Sun,

And descant on my own deformity:

—— Then since this Earth affords no joy to me,

But to Command, to Check, and to Orebear such,

'As are of Happier Person than my self,

'Why then to me this restless World's but Hell,

Till this mishapen trunks aspiring head

Be

' Be circled in a glorious Diadem
 But then 'tis fixt on such an heighth, O ! I
 Must stretch the utmost reaching of my Soul.
 I'll climb betimes without Remorse or Dread,
 And my first step shall be on *Henry's* Head. (Exit.)

Scene, a Chamber in the Tower : K. Henry sleeping.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Asleep so soon ! But sorrow minds no seasons,
 The Morning, Noon, and Night with her's the same,
 She's fond of any hour that yields Repose.

K. H. Who's there ? *Lieutenant !* is it you ? Come hither. (rising.)

Lieu. You shake, my Lord, and look affrighted.

K. H. O ! I have had the fearfull'st Dream ; such sights,
 That, as I live——
 I would not pass another hour so dreadful
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
 Reach me a Book—I'll try if reading can
 Divert these melancholy thoughts.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Good day, my Lord ; what, at your Book so hard ?
 disturb you.

K. H. You do indeed——

Rich. Go, Friend, leave us to our selves ; we must confer. (sighing.)

K. H. What Bloody Scene has *Roscins* now to Act ? (Exit Lieu.)

Rich. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
 The Thief does fear each bush an Officer.

K. H. Where Thieves without Controulment rob and kill,
 The Traveller does fear each bush a Thief :
 The poor bird that has been already lim'd
 With trembling Wings misdoubts of every Bush,
 And I, the hapless Male to one sweet Bird,
 Have now the fatal object in my Eye,
 ' By whom my young one bled, was caught and kill'd.

Rich. Why, what a peevish Fool was that of Creet,
 That taught his Son the office of a Fowl ?
 And yet for all his Wings the fool was drown'd :
 Thou should'st have taught thy Boy his Prayers alone,
 And then he had not broke his neck with Climbing.

K. H. Ah,

K. Hen. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words,
My breast can better brook thy Daggers point,
'Than can my ears that piercing story.

But wherefore dost thou come, is't for my life?

Rich. Thinkest thou I am an Executioner?

K. Hen. If Murthering Innocents be Executing
'Thou'rt then the worst of Executioners.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his Presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst Presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a Son of mine.

But thou wert born to Massacre Mankind.

'How many Old Mens sighs, and Widows moans,

'How many Orphans Water standing eyes,

'Men, for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands Fate,

'And Children, for their Parents timeless death,

'Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born?

The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth: An Evil sign.

'The night Crow cry'd, foreboding luckless time,

Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempests shook down Trees;

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimneys top,

And chattering Pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy Mother felt more than a Mothers Pain,

And yet brought forth less than a Mothers Hope:

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wert born,

Which plainly said, Thou cam'st to bite Mankind,

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st ———

Rich. I'll hear no more: Dye, Prophet, in thy speech.
For this, amongst the rest was I ordain'd.

(stabs him.)

'*K. Hen.* O! and for much more slaughter after this.
'Just Heaven forgive my sins, and pardon thee.

[Dies.]

Rich. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? — I thought it would have mounted.

See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's death;

—— O, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the Downfall of our House.

If any spark of Life be yet remaining.

Down, down to Hell! and say, I sent thee thither.

(stabs him again.)

I that have neither Pity, Love nor Fear:

Indeed 'tis true, what Henry told me of,

For I have often heard my Mother say,

I came into the World with my Legs forward:

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,

Good Heaven bless us, he is born with Teeth;

C

And

*And so I was, which plainly signified,
 That I should snarl and bite, and play the Dog.
 Then since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
 Let Hell make crooked my mind to answer it ———
 I have no Brother, am like no Brother,
 And this word Love, which Gray beards call Divine,
 Be resident in Men, like one another,
 And not in me — I am — my self alone.
 Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the Light,
 But if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Thou'lt not another day to live, which done,
 Heaven take the weak King Edward to his Mercy,
 And leave the World for me to bustle in :
 But soft—I'm sharing spoil before the Field is won,
 Clarence still Breaths, Edward still Lives and Reigns,
 When they are gone, then I must count my gains. (Exit.*

The End of the first ACT.

A C T the Second.

The SCENE, St. Pauls.

Enter Tressel meeting Lord Stanley.

Tress. MY Lord, your Servant, pray what brought you to Paul's ?

Ld. Stan. I came amongst the Crowd to see the Corps

Of poor King Henry. 'Tis a dismal sight,

But yesterday I saw him in the Tower ;

His talk is still so fresh within my memory :

That I could weep to think how Fate has us'd him.

I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy

In suffering him to lie exposed to view ?

Can he believe that Men will love him for't ?

Tress. O yes, Sir, love him, as he loves his Brothers :

When was you with King Edward, pray, my Lord ?

I hear he leaves his Food, is Melancholy,

And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Ld. Stan. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover :

Shall we to Court, and hear more News of him ?

Tress. I

Tress. I am oblig'd to pay Attendance here,
The Lady *Ann* has license to remove
King *Henry's* Corps to be Interr'd at *Chertsey*,
And I am engag'd to follow her.

Ld. Stan. Mean you King *Henry's* Daughter-in-Law?

Tress. The same, Sir, Widow to the late Prince *Edward*,
Whom *Gloucester* kill'd at *Tenkesbury*.

Ld. Stan. Alas, poor Lady, she's severely used.
And yet I hear *Richard* attempts her Love:
Methinks the wrongs he's done her should discourage him.

Tress. Neither those wrongs nor his own shape can fright him;
He sent for leave to visit her this morning,
And she was forc'd to keep her Bed to avoid him.
But see, she is arriv'd: Will you along
To see this doleful Ceremony?

Ld. Stan. I'll wait on you. (Exeunt. *Richard.* Solus.

Rich. 'Twas her excuse t' avoid me—Alas!

She keeps no Bed—
She has health enough to progress far as *Chertsey*,
Tho' not to bear the sight of me;
—I cannot blame her—

Why Love forswore me in my Mothers Womb,
And for I should not deal in his soft Laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe
To shrink my Arm up like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my back,
Where sits Deformity to mock my Body,
To shape my Legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part:
And am I then a man to be lov'd?
O monstrous Thought! more vain my Ambition.

Enter a Gentleman hastily.

Gent. My Lord, I beg your Grace——

Rich. Be gone, Fellow——I'm not at leisure——

Gent. My Lord, the King your Brother's taken ill.

Rich. I'll wait on him, leave me, Friend——

Ha! *Edward* ta'en ill!——

Won'd he were wasted, Marrow-bones and all,
'That from his loins no more young Brats may rise
'To cross me in the golden time I look for——
But see, my Love appears: Look where she shines,
Darting pale Lustre, like the Silver Moon
Through her dark Veil of Rainy sorrow:
So mourn'd the Dame of *Ephesus* her Love,

And thus the Soldier arm'd with Resolution
 Told his soft tale, and was a thriving Woer.
 'Tis true, my Form perhaps, will little move her,
 But I've a Tongue shall wheedle with the Devil.
 Yet hold; She mourns the Man whom I have kill'd :
 First, let her sorrows take some vent — Stand here ;
 I'll take her passion in its wain, and turn
 This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity
 For his Repentant Murderer. ———

(*He retires.*)

*Enter Bearers with King Henry's Body, the Lady Ann in Mourning,
 Lord Stanley, Tressel, and Guards, who all advance from the mid-
 dle Isle of the Church.*

Lady A. ' Hung be the Heavens with black, yield day to night,
 ' Comets importing change of Times and States,
 ' Brandish your fiery Tresses in the Sky,
 ' And with 'em scourge the bad revolting Stars
 ' That have consented to King Henry's death :
*O be Accurst the Hand that shed this Blood ;
 Accurst the Head that had the Heart to do it,
 More direful hap betide that hated Wretch
 Than I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives :
 If ever he have Wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the Life of him,
 Than I am now by Edward's death and thine.*

Rich. Poor Girl ! What pains she takes to curse her self ? (*apart.*)

Lady A. *If ever he have Child Abortive be it,
 Prodigious and Untimely brought to Light,
 ' Whose hideous Form, whose most unnatural Aspect
 May fright the hopeful Mother at the view,
 And that be Heir to his unhappiness.
 ' Now on, to Chertsey with your sacred Load.*

Richard comes forward.

Rich. Stay, you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

Lady A. What black Magician Conjures up this Fiend
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Rich. Villains, set down the Coarse, or, by St. Paul,
 I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Guard. My Lord, stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

Rich. ' Unmanner'd Slave !

Stand thou, when I command :

*Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breast,
 Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn thee, beggar, for this boldness.*

Lady A.

Lady A. Why dost thou haunt him thus, unfated Fiend ?
Thou hadst but power over his mortal Body,
His Soul thou canst not reach ; therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, be not so hard for Charity.

Lady A. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Why didst thou do this deed ? Cou'd not the Laws
Of Man, of Nature, nor of Heaven dissuade thee ?
No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Rich. If want of pity be a Crime so hateful,
Whence is it thou, fair Excellence, art guilty ?

Lady A. What means the slanderer ?

Rich. Vouchsafe, Divine Perfection of a Woman,
Of these my Crimes suppos'd to give me leave
By Circumstance, but to acquit my self.

Lady A. Then take that Sword, whose bloody point still reeks
With Henry's Life, with my lov'd Lord young Edwards,
And here let out thy own t' appease their Ghosts.

Rich. By such despair I shou'd accuse my self.

Lady A. Why by despairing only canst thou stand excused ?
Didst thou not kill this King ?

Rich. I grant ye.

Lady A. O ! he was Gentle, Loving, Mild and Vertuous ;
But he's in Heaven, where thou canst never come.

Rich. Was I not kind to send him thither then ?
He was much fitter for that place than Earth.

Lady A. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.

Rich. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Lady A. Some Dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed Chamber.

Lady A. Ill rest betide the Chamber where thou liest.

Rich. So it will, Madam, till I lie in yours.

Lady A. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Ann,
' To leave this keen encounter of our Tongues,
' And fall to something a more serious method.
Is not the causer of th' untimely deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the Executioner ?

Lady A. Thou wert the cause, and most accurst effect.

Rich. your Beauty was the cause of that effect :
Your Beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one hour in that soft Bosom.

Lady A. If

Lady A. If I thought that, I tell thee; Homicide,
 ' These Hands shou'd rend that Beauty from my Cheeks.

Rich. These Eyes cou'd not endure that Beauties race,
 You shou'd not blemish it, if I stood by.

' As all the World is nourish'd by the Sun,
 So I by that: It is my Day, my Life.

Lady A. I wou'd it were to be reveng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a Quarrel most Unnatural

To wish revenge on him that loves thee.

Lady A. Say rather 'tis my duty,

' To seek revenge on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. Fair Creature, he that kill'd thy Husband

' Did it to — help thee to a better Husband.

Lady A. His better does not breath upon the Earth.

Rich. He lives that loves the better, than he could.

Lady A. Name him.

Rich. Plantagenet.

Lady A. Why, that was he.

Rich. The self same Name, but one of softer Nature.

Lady A. Where is he?

Rich. Ah! take more pity in thy Eyes, and see him — here.

Lady A. Wou'd they were Basilisks to strike thee dead.

Rich. I wou'd they were, that I might die at once,
 For now they kill me with a living death.

Darting with cruel aim unpitied Love,

I never sued to Friend or Enemy,

My Tongue could never learn sweet smoothing Words,

But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee

My proud Heart sues, and prompts my Tongue to speak.

Lady A. Is there a Tongue on Earth can speak for thee?

Why dost thou Court my hate?

Triff. Where will this end? she frowns upon him yet.

L. Stan. But yet she hears him in her frowns; I fear him. } *aside.*

Rich. 'O! teach not thy soft lip such cold contempt —

If thy Relentless Heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp pointed Sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true Breast,

And let the honest Soul out, that adores thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And bind by oath that I doth upon my knee.

Lady A. What shall I say or do? Direct me Heaven;

When Stones weep sure the tears are natural,

And Heaven it self instructs us to forgive,

When they do flow from a sincere Repentance.

Rich. Nay

Rich. Nay, do not pause : For I did kill King Henry,
 But 'twas thy wondrous Beauty that provoked me ;
Nay now dispatch : 'Twas I that stab'd young Edward,
 But 'twas thy Heavenly face that set me on,
 And I might still persist (so stubborn is
 My Temper) to rejoice at what I've done,
 But that thy powerful Eyes (as roaring Seas
 Obey the changes of the Moon) have turn'd
 My Heart, and made it flow with Penitence (*She lets fall the Sword.*
Take up the Sword agen, or take up me.

Lady A. No, tho' I wish thy Death,
 I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

Lady A. I have already.

Rich. That was in thy rage :
 Say it again, and even with thy word
 ' This guilty hand that rob'd thee of thy Love
 ' Shall for thy Love revenge thee on thy Lover ;
 To both their deaths shalt thou be Accessary.

Tress. By Heaven she wants the heart to bid him do't.

Ld. Stan. What think you now, Sir ?

Tress. I'm struck ! I scarce can credit what I see.

Ld. Stan. Why, you see — A Woman.

Tress. When future Chronicles shall speak of this
 They will be thought Romance, not History.

Rich. What, not a word to pardon or condemn me ?
 But thou art wise — and canst with silence kill me ;
 Yet even in death my prostrate Soul pursues thee :
 Dash not the tears of Penitence away.

I ask but leave t' indulge my cold despair
 By Heaven, there's Joy in this extravagance
 Of Woe ; 'tis Melting, Soft, 'tis pleasing Ruin.
 Oh ! 'tis too much, too much for Life to bear
 This aching tenderness of thought.

Lady A. Wou'dst thou not blame me to forgive thy Crimes ?

Rich. They are not to be forgiven : No, not even
 Penitence can atone 'em. O misery
 Of Thought ! that strikes me with at once Repentance
 And Despair ; tho' unpardon'd, yield me pity.

Lady A. I Wou'd I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my Tongue.

Lady A. I fear me both are false.

Rich. Then never Man was true.

Lady A. Put up thy Sword.

Rich. Say

Rich. Say then, my Peace is made.

Lady A. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Rich. But shall I live in hope ?

Lady A. All Men, I hope, live so.

Rich. I swear, bright Saint, I am not what I was :
Those Eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to Woman,
This goodness makes me soft in Penitence,
And my harsh thoughts are tun'd to Peace and Loye.
O ! if thy poor devoted Servant might
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou wouldst confirm his Happiness for ever.

Lady A. What is it ?

Rich. That it may please thee, leave these sad designs
To him that has most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House,
Where, after I have solemnly Interr'd
At Chertsey Monastery, this Injur'd King,
And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons I beseech you
' Grant me this favour.

Lady A. I do my Lord, and much it joys me too
To see you are become so Penitent.

Tressel and Berkley go along with me.

Rich. Bid me Farewell.

Lady A. 'Tis more than you deserve ;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said Farewell already.

[Exit with Tress. and Berk.]

Guard. Towards Chertsey, my Lord ?

Rich. Now to White-Fryars, there attend my coming.

[Exit with the Body.]

Richard Solus.

Rich. (smiling.) Was ever Woman in this humour wooed ?
Was ever Woman in this humour won ?
I'll have her : But I will not keep her long.
What ! I that kill'd her Husband and her Father,
To take her in her Hearts extreamest hate,
With Curses in her mouth, Tears in her Eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Flaming Heaven, her Conscience, and these Bars against me,
And I no Friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain Devil, and dissimling looks ?
And yet to win her ! Ah the world to nothing.
Can she abuse her Beauteous eyes on me ?
What ! all not equals Edward's moiety ?

On me ! that halt and am mishapen, Thus
 ' My Dukedom to a Widows Chastity
 I do mistake my Person all this while !
 Upon my life ! she finds, altho I cannot,
 My self to be a marvellous proper Man,
 ' I'll have my Chambers lin'd with Looking-glass
 And entertain a score or two of Taylors
 To study fashions to adorn my body.
 Since I am crept in favour with my self,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 ' But first, I'll turn St. Harry to his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my Love.
 ' Shine out fair Sun till I salute my Glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

(Exit.

S C E N E the Presence: Enter the Duke of Buckingham
 hastily, Lord Stanly meeting him.

D. Buck. Did you see the Duke ?

L. Stan. what D. my Lord?

D. Buck. His Grace of Gloucester, did you see him ?

L. Stan. Not lately, my Lord— I hope no ill news.

D. Buck. The worst that heart e're bore, or tongue can utter.
 Edward the King ! his Royal Brother's Dead.

L. Stan. 'Tis sad indeed ——— I wish by your impatience
 To acquaint him tho you think it so to him. *aside.*
 Did the King, my Lord, make any mention
 Of a Protector for his Crown and Children ?

D. Buck. He did, Duke Richard has the care of both.

L. Stan. That sad news you are afraid to tell him too. *(aside.)*

D. Buck. He'll spare no toile, I'm sure to fill his Place !

L. Stan. Pray Heav'n he's not too diligent ! *(aside.)*

My Lord, is not that the Dutchess of York,
 The King's Mother ? coming I fear to visit him.

D. Buck. 'Tis she ! little thinking what has befallen us.

Enter Dutchess of York.

Dutch. Good day, my Lords ! How takes the King his Rest.

D. Buck. Alas ! Madam, too well ! he sleeps for ever ?

Dutch. Dead ! — Good Heav'n support me !

D. Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot to hear
 His last Departing Groans, and close his eyes.

D

Dutch.

Dutch. Another taken from me too ! why just Heav'n
Am I still left the last in life and woe ?

' First I bemoan'd a noble Husbands death,

' Yet liv'd with looking on his Images.

' But now my last support is gone, First *Clarence*,

Now *Edward* is forever taken from me.

Both Crutches now the unrelenting hand

Of Death has stricken from my feeble Arms

And I must now of force sink down with sorrow.

D. Buck. Your youngest Son, the Noble *Richard* lives.

His love I know will feel his Mothers Cares,

And bring new comfort to your latter days.

Dutch. 'Twere new indeed ! for yet of him I've none,
Unless a churlish disobedience may

Be counted from a Child a Mothers Comfort :

' From his malicious grudge I know my Son,

' His brother *Clarence* death was first contriv'd,

But may his Penitence find Heav'n's mercy.

Where is the Queen, my Lord ?

D. Buc. I left her with her kinsmen deep in Sorrow,

Who have with much adoe perswaded her

To leave the Body — Madam they are here.

Enter the Queen attended with Rivers and Dorset, and others.

Queen. Why do you thus oppose my grief, unless

To make me Rave, and Weep the faster ? Ha !

My Mother too in Tears ! Fresh Sorrow strikes

My heart, at sight of every Friend, that knew

My *Edward* living — O Mother ! He's Dead !

Edward, my Lord, thy Son, our King is Dead.

O that my eyes could weep away my Soul !

Then might follow worthy of his Hearse.

I. Stan. Your Duty, Madam, of a Wife is Dead,

And now the Mother's only claims your care.

Think on the Prince your Son : send for him strait,

And let his Coronation clear your eyes.

Bury your griefs, in the dead *Edward's* Grave,

Revive your Joys on living *Edward's* Throne.

Queen. Alas ! That thought, but adds to my Afflictions.

New Tears for *Edward* gone, and fears for *Edward* living,

' An helpless Child, and his Minority

' Is in the Trust of his stern Uncle *Gloucester*,

A man that frowns on me, and all of mine.

(Weeps.)

D. Buck. Judge not so hardly, Madam, of his love,

Your Son will find in him a Father's Care.

Enter

Enter Richard behind.

Rich. Why ay ! — These tears look well ! sorrow's the mode,
And every one at Court must wear it now ———
Withal my heart, I'll not be out of Fashion. *(aside.*

Queen. My Lord, just Heav'n knows I never hated *Richard*,
But wou'd on any terms embrace his friendship.

D. Buck. These words would make him weep, — I know him yours.
See where he comes in sorrow for our loss.

Rich. My Lords, — good morrow — Cousin of *Buckingham*,
I am yours ——— *(Weeping.*

D. Buck. Good morrow to your Grace.

Rich. Methinks ———

We meet, like men, that had forgot to speak.

D. Buck. We may remember : But our argument
Is now too mournful to admit much talk.

Rich. It is indeed ! Peace be with him has made it so.

' Sister ! Take Comfort — 'Tis true we've all cause

' To mourn the dimming of our shining Star :

But sorrow never cou'd revive the dead ———

— And if it cou'd, hope wou'd prevent our tears,

So we must weep, because we weep in vain.

' Madam, my Mother — I do cry your mercy :

' My grief was blind — I did not see your Grace,

Most humbly on my knee I crave your Blessing.

Dutch. Thou hast it, and may thy charitable
Heart, and Tongue love one another, may Heaven
Shadow thy breast with meekness, and obedience.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That's the old Butt-end of a Mother's Blessing ;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out. *(aside.*

D. Buck. My Lords, I think 'twere fit, that now Prince Edward
Forthwith from Ludlow shou'd be sent for home,
In order to his Coronation.

Rich. By all means, my Lords, come let's in to Counsel,
And appoint who shall be the messengers.

Madam, and you my Sister, please you go

' To give your sentiments on this occasion ?

Queen. My Lord, your Wisdom needs no help from me,
My glad consent you have in all that's just :

Or for the peoples good, tho I suffer by't.

Rich. Please you to retire, Madam, we shall propose
What you'll not think the peoples wrong, nor yours.

Queen. May Heav'n prosper all your good intents. (*Exit.*
with all but Buck. and Richard

Rich. Amen, with all my Heart. For mine's the Crown.
And is not that a good one ? ha ! Pray'd she not well, Cousin ?

D. Buck. I hope she prophesied — You now stand Fair.

Rich. Now by St. Paul, I feel it here ! Methinks
The massy weight on't galls my laden Brow.
What think'st thou, Cousin, wer't not an easie matter
To get Lord Stanley's hand to help it on.

D. Buck. My Lord, I doubt that for his Fathers sake,
He loves the Prince to well, he'll scarce be won
To any thing against him.

Rich. Poverty the reward of Honest Fools
O'retake him for't ! what thinkst thou then of Hastings ?

D. Buck. He shall be tri'd my Lord : I'll find out Catesby,
Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts,
But we must still suppose the worst may happen,
What if we find him cold in our design ?

Rich. Chop of his head. — Something we'll soon determine.
But haste, and find out Catesby,
That done, follow me to the Counsel Chamber ;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in Private — Therefore
Away good Cousin.

D. Buck. I am gone, My Lord. (*Exit. Buck.*

Rich. Thus far we run before the wind — Let me see,
The Prince will soon be here — let him — the Crown !
O yes ! he shall have twenty, Globes, and Scepters too
New ones made to play withall — But no Coronation !
No ! nor no Court flies about him, no Kinsmen —
— Hold ye ! — Where shall he keep his Court ! —
— Ay ! — the Tower.

The end of the Second A C T.

ACT

A C T the III.

Enter Prince Edward, with the Dukes of Gloucester, Buckingham, Lord Stanley, Tressel, and Attendants.

Rich. ' **N**OW, my Royal Cousin, welcome to London,
 ' Welcome to all those honour'd Dignities
 ' Which by your Father's Will, and by your Birth,
 ' You stand the undoubted Heir Possess'd of;
 And, if my plain simplicity of Heart
 May take the liberty to shew it self,
 You're farther welcome to your Uncles Care
 And Love: Why do you sigh, my Lord?

The weary way has made you melancholy.

Pr. Ed. No, Uncle, but our crosses on the way
 Have made it Tedious, Wearisome and Heavy,
 I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Tress. More Uncles! What means his Highness?

Ld. Stan. Why, Sir, the careful Duke of Gloucester has
 Secur'd his Kinsmen on the way: Lord Rivers, Gray,
 Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his Friends,
 Are Prisoners now in Pomfret Castle;
 On what pretence I boots not: There they are;
 Let the Devil and the Duke alone to accuse 'em.

Aside.

Rich. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Ld. May. Vouchsafe, most Gracious Sovereign to accept
 The general Homage of your Loyal City;
 We farther beg your Royal leave to speak
 In deep Condolement of your Father's loss:
 And, far as our true sorrow will permit
 To gratulate your Accession to his Throne.

Pr. Ed. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all.
 Alas, my youth is yet unfit to govern,
 Therefore the Sword of Justice is in abler hands:
 But be assur'd of this, so much already
 I perceive I love you, that tho' I know not yet
 To do you offices of good, yet this I know,
 I'd sooner die, than basely do you wrong.

Rich. So

Rich. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.

[Aside.

Pr. Ed. My Lords,

I thought my Mother and my Brother York

Wou'd long e're this have met us on the way :

Say, Uncle Gloucester, if our Brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our Coronation?

Rich. Where it shall seem best to your Royal self,

May I advise you, Sir, some day or two

Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower,

Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best Health and Recreation.

Pr. Ed. Why at the Tower? But be it as you please.

Buc. My Lord, your Brother's Grace of York.

Enter the young Duke of York attended.

Pr. Ed. Richard of York! How fares our dearest Brother?

D. York. 'O! my dear Lord! So I must call you now. [Embracing.

Pr. Ed. I, Brother, to our grief, as it is yours:

'Too soon he dy'd who m'ght have better worn

'That Title, which in me will loose its Majesty.

Rich. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of York?

D. York. Thank you kindly, dear Uncle. O my Lord,

You said that Idle Weeds were fast in growth,

The King my Brother has out grown me far.

Rich. He has my Lord.

D. York. And therefore is he Idle?

Rich. O pretty Cousin, I must not say so.

D. York. Nay, Uncle, I don't believe the sayings true,
For if it were, you'd be an Idle Weed.

Rich. How so, Cousin?

D. York. Because I've heard Folks say you grew so fast

Your Teeth wou'd gnaw a Crust at two hours old,

Now 'twas two years e'er I cou'd get a Tooth.

Rich. Indeed—I find the Brat is taught this lesson.

(Aside.

Who told thee this, my pretty merry Cousin?

D. York. Why, your Nurse, Uncle.

Rich. My Nurse, Child, she was dead before thou wert born.

D. York. If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me.

Rich. So subtle too; 'tis pity thou art short liv'd.

[Aside.

Pr. Ed. My Brother, Uncle, will be cross in talk.

Rich. O, fear not, my Lord, we shall never Quarrel.

Pr. Ed. I hope your Grace knows how to bear with him?

D. York. You mean to bear me; not to bear With me,

Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,

Because that I am little; like an Ape.

He

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Pr. Ed. Fie, Brother, I have no such meaning.

*Ld. Stan. With what a sharp provided Wit he reasons,
To mitigate the scorn he gives his Uncle :
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.*

} *Aside.*

Tress. So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

*Rich. My Lord, wilt please you pass along ?
Myself, and my good Cousin Buckingham
Will to your Mother to entreat of her
To meet and bid you welcome at the Tower.*

D. York. What will you go to the Tower, my dear Lord ?

Pr. Ed. My Lord Protector will have it so.

D. York. I shan't sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Rich. I'll warrant you. King Henry lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet.*

[*Aside.*

Pr. Ed. What shou'd you fear, Brother ?

*D. York. My Uncle Clarence Ghost, my Lord.
My Grandmother told me he was kill'd there.*

Pr. Ed. I fear no Uncles dead.

Rich. 'Nor any, Sir, that live, I hope.

*Pr. Ed. 'I hope so too. But come, my Lords,
'To the Tower, since it must be so.* [Ex. all but R. and B.

*D. Buc. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not instructed by his subtle Mother
To taunt and scorn you thus Opprobriously ?*

*Rich. 'No doubt, no doubt. O ! 'tis a shrewd young Master :
Stubborn, Bold, Quick, Forward and Capable ;
He is all the Mothers from the Top to Toe.
But let them rest : now what says Catesby ?*

*D. Buc. My Lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.*

Enter Catesby.

Rich. So, Catesby, hast thou been tampering ? What News ?

*Cat. My Lord, according to the instruction given me,
With words at distance dropt I sounded Hastings,
Piercing how far he did affect your purpose,
To which indeed I found him Cold, Unwilling.
The sum is this, he seem'd a while to understand me not.
At length from plainer speaking urg'd to answer,
He said in heat, rather than wrong the Head
To whom the Crown was due, he'd lose his own:*

*Rich. Indeed, his own then answer for that saying,
He shall be taken care of : Mean while Catesby,
Be thou near me : Cousin of Buckingham*

Lets

*Lets lose no time : The Mayor and Citizens
Are now in buisie meeting at Guild-Hall,
' Thither I'd have you haste immediately,
' And at your meetest 'vantage of the time
' Improve those Hints I gave you late to speak of :
But above all, infer the Bastardy
Of Edward's Children ;*

*Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Person,
Tell 'em, when my Mother went with Child of him,
My Princely Father then had Wars in France,
And by true Computation of the time
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which in his lineaments too plain appear'd,
Being nothing like the Noble York my Father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far of,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.*

*D. Buc. ' Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator
' As if my self might wear the Golden Fee,
' For which I Plead.*

*Rich. If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here,
' Where you shall find me seriously employ'd
' With the most Learned Fathers of the Church.*

D. Buc. I fly, my Lord, to serve you.

*Rich. To serve thy self, my Cousin ;
For look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of Hereford, and all those Moveables,
Whereof the King my Brother stood possesst.*

D. Buc. I shall remember that your Grace was Bountiful.

Rich. Cousin, I have said it.

B. Buc. I am gone, my Lord.

[Exit Buc.]

*Rich. So—I've secur'd my Cousin here : These Moveables
Will never let his Brains have rest till I am King : Catesby,*

Gothou with speed to Doctor Shaw, and thence

' To Fryar Beuker : Haste, and bid 'em both

' Attend me here, within an hour at farthest :

[Exit Catesby]

Mean while my private orders shall be given

To lock up all admittance to the Princes.

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on——

*How many frightful stops wou'd Conscience make
In some soft heads to undertake like me :*

*— Come ; this Conscience is a convenient Scarecrow,
It Guards the fruit which Priests and Wisemen tast,
Who never set it up to fright themselves :*

They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't,

While

While half-starv'd shallow Daws thro' Fear are honest.
 Why were Laws made, but that we're Rogues by Nature?
 Conscience! 'tis our Coin, we live by parting with it,
 And he thrives best that has the most to spare:
 The protesting Lover buys hope with it,
 And the deluded Virgin short liv'd pleasure.
 Old gray beards cram their Avarice with it,
 Your Lank-jaw'd hungry Judge will dine upon't,
 And hang the Guiltless rather than eat his Mutton cold.
 The Crown'd Head quits it for Despotick sway,
 The stubborn People for unaw'd Rebellion:
 There's not a Slave but has his share of Villain;
 Why then shall after Ages think my deeds
 Inhumane? Since my worst are but Ambition:
 Ev'n all Mankind to some lov'd Ills incline,
 Great Men chuse Greater Sins—Ambition's mine. [Exit.

Enter Lady Ann. Sola.

Lady A. When, when shall I have rest? Was Marriage made
 To be the Scourge of our Offences here?
 Ah no! 'Twas meant a Blessing to the Vertuous,
 It once was so to me, tho' now my Curse:
 The fruit of *Edward's* Love was sweet and pleasing:
 But oh! Untimely cropt by cruel *Richard*,
 Who rudely having grafted on his stock
 Now makes my Life yield only sorrow.
 Let me have Musick to compose my thoughts. [Song here.
 It will not be: Nought but the grave can close my Eyes.
 — How many labouring Wretches take their rest,
 While I, night after night, with cares lie waking,
 As if the gentle Nurse of Nature, Sleep,
 Had vow'd to rock my peevish sense no more.
 ' O partial sleep! Canst thou in smoaky Cottages
 ' Stretch out the Peasants Limbs on Beds of Straw,
 ' And lay him fast, cram'd with distressful Bread?
 Yet in the softest breeze of Peaceful Night
 ' Under the Canopies of costly State,
 ' Tho' lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody,
 Refuse one moments slumber to a Princess?
 O mockery of Greatness! But see,
 He comes! The rude disturber of my Pillow.

E

Enter

Enter Richard, Aloof.

Rich. Ha ! still in tears ; let 'em flow on ; they're signs
Of a substantial grief——Why don't she die ?
She must : My Interest will not let her live.
The fair *Elizabeth* has caught my Eye,
My Heart's vacant ; and she shall fill her place—
They say that Women have but tender hearts,
'Tis a mistake, I donbt ; I've found 'em tough :
They'll bend, indeed : But he must strain that cracks 'em.
All I can hope's to throw her into sickness :
Then I may fend her a Physicians help.
So, Madam : What, you still take care, I see
To let the World believe I love you not,
This outward Mourning now, has malice in't,
So have these sullen disobedient tears :
I'll have you tell the World I doat on you.

(Aside.

Lady A. I wish I could, but 'twill not be believ'd :
Have I deserv'd this usage ?

Rich. You have : You do not please me as at first.

Lady A. What have I done ? What horrid Crime committed ?

Rich. To me the worst of Crimes, out-liv'd my liking.

Lady A. If that be Criminal, Just Heaven be kind,
And take me while my Penitence is warm :
O Sir, forgive, and kill me.

Rich. Umh ! No,——The meddling World will call it murder,
And I wou'd have 'em think me pitifull :
Now wert thou not afraid of self-Destruction,
Thou hast a fair excuse for't.

Lady A. How fain wou'd I be Friends with Death ? O name it.

Rich. Thy Husband's hate : Nor do I hate thee only
From the dull'd edge of fated Appetite
But from the eager Love I bear another :
Some call me Hypocrite : What think'st thou now,
Do I dissemble ?

Lady A. Thy Vows of Love to me were all dissembled.

Rich. Not one : For when I told thee so, I lov'd :
Thou art the only Soul I never yet deceiv'd :
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now
With all my heart, I hate thee ——
If this have no Effect, she is immortal.

(Aside.

Lady A. Forgive me Heaven, that I forgave this Man.
O may my story told in after Ages,
Give warning to our easie Sexes ears :
May it Unveil the hearts of Men, and strike

Them

Them deaf to their dissimulated Love.

[Enter Catesby.]

Cat. My Lord, his Grace of Buckingham attends
Your Highness Pleasure.

Rich. Wait on him; I'll expect him here.
Your Absence, Madam, will be necessary.

(Exit Cat.)

Lady A. Wou'd my death were so.

(Exit.)

Rich. It may be shortly.

So, my Cousin, What say the Citizens?

Enter Buckingham.

D. Buc. 'Now, by our hopes, my Lord, they're senseless stones,
' Their hesitating fear has struck 'em dumb.

Rich. Touch'd you the Bastardy of Edward's Children?

D. Buc. I did, with his Contract to Lady Lucy.

Nay, his own Bastardy and Tyranny for Trifles;

—— Laid open all your Victories in Scotland,

Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace;

Your Bounty, Justice, fair Humility.

Indeed left nothing that might gild our Cause

Untouch'd, or slightly handled in my talk,

And when my Oration drew towards an end,

I urg'd of them that lov'd their Countries good

To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard:

Rich. And did they so?

D. Buc. 'Not one, by Heaven: But each like Statues fix'd

' Speechless and Pale, star'd in his fellows Face,

Which when I saw, I reprehended them,

And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilfull silence?

His answer was, the people were not us'd

To be spoken to but by the Recorder,

' Who then took on him to repeat my words.

Thus saith the Duke, thus has the Duke inferr'd:

But nothing urg'd in Warrant from himself.

When he had done, some Followers of my own

As lower end of th' Hall, hurl'd up their Caps,

And some ten voices cry'd, God save King Richard,

At which I took the 'vantage of those few,

And cry'd, Thanks gentle Citizens and Friends,

This general applause and cheerful shout

Argues your Wisdom, and your Love to Richard,

And even here broke off, and came away.

Rich. O Tongueless Blocks! Wou'd they not speak?

Will not the Mayor then and his Brethren come?

D. Buc. The Mayor is here at hand: Feign you some fear,

And be not spoke with, but by mighty suit:

' A Prayer-Book in your hand, my Lord, were well,

Standing between two Churchmen of Repute,

For on that ground I'll make an holy descant :

Yet be not easily won to our Requests,

' Seem like the Virgin, fearful of your wishes.

Rich. ' My other self ! My Counsel's Consistory !

' My Oracle ! my Prophet ! My dear Cousin !

[Embracing.]

' I, as a Child, will go by thy direction.

*D. Buc. Hark ! the Lord Mayor's at hand : Away, my Lord ;
Nor doubt, but yet we reach our point propos'd.*

Rich. We cannot fail, my Lord, while you are Pilot.

A little flattery sometimes does well. [Aside.] [Exit Rich.]

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

D. Buc.. Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here ;

I'm afraid the Duke will not be spoke withal.

[Enter Catesby.]

Now, Catesby, what says your Lord to my request ?

Cat. My Lord, he humbly does entreat your Grace

To visit him to morrow, or next day.

He's now retir'd with two Right Reverend Fathers

Divinely bent to Meditation,

And in no worldly suits wou'd be mov'd,

To interrupt his Holy Exercise.

D. Buc. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke ;

Tell him, my Self, the Mayor, and Citizens,

In deep designs, in matters of great moment,

No less importing than our general good,

Are come to have some Conference with his Grace.

Cat. My Lord, I'll instantly inform his Highness.

D. Buc. Ah ! my good Lord ! This Prince is not an Edward,

He is not lulling on a lewd Love-bed ;

But on his knees at Meditation :

Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,

But with two deep Divines in secret praying.

Happy were England wou'd this Vertuous Prince

Take on himself the toil of Sovereignty.

Ld. May. Happy indeed, my Lord.

He will not sure refuse our proffer'd Love ?

D. Buc. Alas my Lord, you know him not, his mind's

Above this World ; he's for a Crown Immortal !

Look there ! His door opens : Now where's our hope ?

Ld. May. See where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen ?

D. Buc. Ay, ay ; 'tis there he's caught : There's his Ambition.

Ld. May. How low he bows to thank 'em for their care !

And, see, a Prayer-Book in his hand !

D. Buc. Wou'd he were King, we'd give him leave to pray.

Methinks I wish it for the love he bears the City.

How

How have I heard him vow he thought it Hard
The Mayor should lose his Title with his Office?
Well! who knows? he may be won?

Ld. May. Ah! my Lord!

D. Buc. See! He comes forth: my Friends be resolute,
I know he's cautious to a fault but do not
Leave him till our honest suit be granted.

Enter Richard with a Book.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham!

*I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in my Zealous Meditation,
So long deferr'd the service of my Friends:
Now do I fear I've done some strange offence,
That looks disgracious in the City's Eye; If so,
'Tis just you shou'd reprove my Ignorance.*

D. Buc. You have, my Lord: We wish your Grace
On our entreaties wou'd amend your fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian Land?

D. Buc. Know then it is your fault, that you resign
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Fair England's Throne, your own due right of Birth,
To the Corruption of a blemisht stock,
While in the Mildness of your sleeping thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Country's good)
This wounded Isle does want her proper Limbs,
'Which to recure, joyn'd with these Loyal Men,
'Your very Worshipful and Loving Friends,
And by their vehement Instigation
In this just Cause, I come to move your Highness,
That on your gracious self you'd take the Charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land,
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor for another's Gain:
But as successively from Blood to Blood,
Your own, by right of Birth, and lineal Glory.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Fits best with my Degree or your Condition:
'Therefore to speak in just refusal of your suit,
And then in speaking not to check my Friends.
Definitively thus I answer you;
Your Love deserves my Thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your fond Request:
For, Heaven be thanked, there is no need of me;

*The Royal stock has left us Royal fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of Majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reign.
On him I lay what you wou'd lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,
' Which Heaven forbid my thoughts shou'd rob him of.*

*D. Buc. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But Circumstances well consider'd :
The weak respects thereof are nice and trivial.
You say that Edward was your Brothers Son
So say we too, but not by Edward's Wife :
' If solemn Contracts are of any force,
' That Title Justice gave to Lady Lucy :
' Even of his Birth cou'd I severely speak ;
' Save that for reverence to some alive,
I give a spairing limit to my Tongue.*

*Ld. May. Upon our knees, my Lord, we beg your Grace
To wear this precious Robe of Dignity,
Which on a Child must sit too loose and heavy.
' Tis yours ; befitting both your Wisdom and your Birth.*

*Cat. My Lord, this coldness is unkind,
Nor suits it with such ardent Loyalty ?*

D. Buc. O make 'em happy : Grant their Lawful Suit.

Rich. Alas ! Why wou'd you heap this care on me ?

I am unfit for State and Majesty.

*I thank you for your Loves, but must declare
(I do beseech you take it not amiss)*

I will not ! dare not ! must not yield to you.

*D. Buc. If you refuse us through a soft remorse,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brother's Son :*

(As well we know your tenderness of Heart)

Yet know, tho' you deny us to the last,

Your Brother's Son shall never Reign our King :

But we will plant some other in the Throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your House.

' And thus-resolv'd I bid you, Sir, Farewell.

My Lord, and Gentlemen, I crave your pardon

For this vain trouble : M' intent was good,

I wou'd have serv'd my Country and my King ;

But 'twill not be : Farewell ! When next we meet —

Ld. May. Be not too rash, my Lord, his Grace relents.

D. Buc. Away, you but deceive your selves—

[Exit Buc.]

Cat. Call him again ; sweet Prince accept their suit.

Ld. May.

Ld. May. If you deny us, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Call him again—*You will enforce me to
A World of cares ; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties :
Tho' Heaven knows against my own Inclining.
Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave Men.
Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back
To bear her burthen whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black Scandal or foul-fac'd Reproach
Attend the sequel of your Imposition,
Your meer Enforcement shall Acquittance me :
For Heaven knows, as you may all partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.*

[Re-enter *Buc.*

Ld. May. Heaven guard your Grace : We see it, and will say it.

Rich. You will but say the truth, my Lord.

D. Buc. My heart's so full it scarce has vent for words ;
My knee will better speak my duty now. [Kneels.
Long live our Sovereign, *Richard King of England.*

Rich. Indeed your words have touch'd me nearly Cousin :
Pray rise. I wish you could recall 'em.

D. Buc. It would be Treason now, my Lord : To morrow,
'If it so please your Grace, from Counsel
'Orders shall be given for your Coronation.

Rich. Even when you please : for you will have it so.

D. Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Highness :
And now me take our leaves with joy.

Rich. Cousin Adieu ! my loving Friends farewell :
I must to my Holy Work again. [Exeunt *B. and Citizens.*

Richard. Solus,

Why now my golden dream is out——
Ambition like an early Friend throws back
My Curtains with an eager Hand, o'rejoy'd
To tell me what I dreamt is true— A Crown !
Thou bright reward of ever daring minds,
O ! How thy awful Glory wraps my Soul !
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre ;
For, not mens Love, Fear pays thee Adoration :
And Fame not more survives from Good than Evil deeds.
Th' aspiring youth that fir'd th' *Ephesian* Dome
Out-lives in Fame the pious Fool that rais'd it :

Conscience, lie still—More lives must yet be drain'd,
Crowns got with Blood must be with Blood maintain'd; [Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT.

A C T the Fourth.

*The SCENE, The Tower.**Enter the two Princes with the Queen, the Dutchess of York, and Lady Ann in tears.**Pr. Ed.* **P**Ray, Madam, do not leave me yet,
For I have many more complaints to tell you.*Queen.* And I unable to redress the least :
What wou'dst thou say, my Child ?*Pr. Ed.* O Mother ! Since I first have lain i'th' Tower
My rest has still been broke with frightful Dreams,
Or shocking News has wak'd me into tears.
I'm scarce allow'd a Friend to visit me :
All my old honest Servants are turn'd off,
And in their rooms are strange ill-natur'd fellows,
Who look so bold, as they were all my Masters ;
And, I'm afraid, they'll shortly take you from me.*Dutch. Y.* O mournful hearing !*Lady A.* O unhappy Prince !*D. York.* Dear Brother, why do you weep so ?
You make me cry too.*Queen.* Alas, poor Innocence !*Pr. Ed.* Wou'd I but knew at what my Uncle aims ;
If 'twere my Crown, I'd freely give it him,
So he'd but let me 'joy my life in quiet.*D. York.* Why ! will my Uncle kill us, Brother ?*Pr. Ed.* I hope he wo'n't : We never injur'd him.*Queen.* I cannot bear to see 'em thus. ———*[Weeping.]**Enter to them, Lord Stanley.**Ld. Stan.* Madam, I hope your Majesty will pardon
What I am griev'd to tell, Unwelcome News.*Queen.* Ah me ! more sorrow yet ! My Lord, we've long
Despair'd of happy Tydings, pray what is't ?*Ld. Stan.* On Tuesday last, your noble Kinsmen Rivers,
Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan at Pomfret,
Were Executed on a publick Scaffold.*D. York.*

Dutch. T. O dismal Tydings.

Pr. Ed. O poor Uncles ! I doubt my turn is next.

Lady A. Nor mine, I fear, far off.

Queen. Why, then let's welcome Blood and Massacre,
Yield all our Throats to the fierce Tygers rage,
And die lamenting one another's wrongs.

O ! I foresaw this ruin of our House.

[Weeps.]

Enter Catesby to Lady Ann.

Cat. Madam, the King
Has sent me to inform your Majesty
That you prepare (as is advis'd from Counsel)
To morrow for your Royal Coronation.

Queen. What do I hear ? Support me, Heaven !

Lady. Despightful Tydings ! O unpleasing News !
Alas, I heard of this before, but cou'd not
For my soul take heart to tell you of it.

Cat. The King does further wish your Majesty
Wou'd less employ your visits at the Tower.
He gives me leave t' attend you to the Court,
And is impatient, Madam, till he sees you.

Lady A. Farewel to all, and thou, poor injur'd Queen :
Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.

Queen. Alas, kind Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt partner in our sorrows.

Cat. Madam. ———

Lady A. I come ———

Queen. Farewel, thou woeful welcomer of Glory.

Cat. Shall I attend your Majesty ?

Lady A. Attend me ! Whither, to be Crown'd ?

*Let me with deadly Venome be Anointed,
And die e'er Men can say, Long live the Queen.*

Queen. Poor grieving heart, I pity thy complaining.

Lady A. No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours :

A long farewell to all. ———

(Exit Lady A. and Cat.)

Ld. Stan. Take comfort, Madam.

Queen. Alas, where is it to be found ?
Death and Destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o'rtake us.

Ld. Stan. In Brittany
My Son-in-Law the Earl of Richmond still
Resides, who with a jealous Eye observes
The lawless actions of aspiring Richard :
To him, (wou'd I advise you) Madam, fly
Forthwith for Aid, Protection, and Redress.

F

He

He will I'm sure with open arms receive you.

D. York. Delay not Madam,
For 'tis the only hope that Heaven has left us.

Queen. Do with me what you please : For any Change
Must surely better our Condition.

Ld. Stan. I farther wou'd advise you, Madam, this
Instant to remove the Princes to some
Remote Abode, where you your self are Mistress.

Pr. Ed. Dear Madam take me hence : For I shall ne'er
Enjoy a moments quiet here.

D. York. Nor I : Pray Mother let me go too ?

Queen. Come then, my pretty young ones, lets away :
For here you lie within the Falcon's reach,
Who watches but th' unguarded hour to seize you.

Enter the Lieutenant with an Order.

Lieu. I beg your Majesty will pardon me :
But the young Princes must, on no account,
Have Egress from the Tower,
Nor must, without the King's especial Licence,
Of what degree soever, any Person
Have admittance to 'em.——All must retire.

Queen. 'I am their Mother, Sir, who else commands 'em ?
'If I pass freely, they shall follow me.
'For you—I'll take the peril of your fault upon my self.

Lieu. My Inclination, Madam, wou'd oblige you,
'But I am bound by Oath, and must obey.
Nor, Madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continued Visit.

Please you my Lord to read these Orders. (*Gives 'em Ld. Stanley.*)

Queen. O Heavenly powers ! Shall not I stay with 'em ?

Lieu. Such are the Kings Commands, Madam.

Queen. My Lord !

Ld. Stan. 'Tis too true, and it were vain t' oppose 'em.

Queen. Support me Heaven !

For life can never bear the pangs of such a parting.
O my poor Children ! O distracting thought !
I dare not bid 'em (as I shou'd) farewell,
And then to part in silence stabs my Soul.

Pr. Ed. What, must you leave us, Mother ?

Queen. What shall I say ? (*Aside.*)

But for a time, my Loves——we shall meet again,
At least in Heaven. [*To her self.*]

D. York. Won't you take me with you, Mother ?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

Queen. I

Queen. I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must
Be parted—Then let these kisses say farewell. [*kissing 'em.*]
Why! O why just Heaven, must these be our last?

D. York. Give not your grief such way: be sudden when you part.

Queen. I will—since it must be, to Heaven I leave 'em.
Hear me, you Guardian powers of Innocence!
Awake or sleeping: O! protect 'em still,
Still may their helpless youth attract mens pity;
That when the arm of Cruelty is rais'd,
Their looks may drop the lifted Dagger down
From the stern murderers relenting hand,
And throw him on his knees in penitence.

Both Pr. O Mother! Mother!

Queen. O my poor Children! (*Ex. parted severally.*)

*The Scene changes to the Presence, discovering Richard seated
with Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, Lovel, other Lords
and Attendants.*

Rich. Stand all apart: Cousin of Buckingham.

Buc. My gracious Sovereign.

Rich. Give me thy hand:

*At length by thy advice and thy assistance
Is Richard seated on the English Throne.*

*But say, my Cousin, what,
Shall we wear these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in 'em?*

Buc. I hope for Ages, Sir, Long may they Grace you.

Rich. O Buckingham! now do I play the touch-stone,
'To try if thou be current Friend indeed.

'Young Edward lives: So does his Brother York.

'Now think what I wou'd speak!

Buc. 'Say on, my gracious Lord.

Rich. I tell thee, Cuz, I've lately had two Spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes: Now tho'
Thy friendly hand has brush'd 'em from me,
Yet still they Crawl offensive to my Eyes,
I wou'd have some Friend to tread upon 'em.

I wou'd be King, my Cousin——

Buc. Why so I think you are, my Royal Lord.

Rich. Ha, am I King? 'Tis so—But—Edward lives!

Buc. Most true, my Lord.

Rich. *Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull ———*
Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead.

And I wou'd have it suddenly perform'd ———

'Now Cousin, canst thou answer me?

Buc. *None dare dispute your Highness Pleasure.*

Rich. 'Indeed, methinks thy kindness freezes Cousin;
 'Thou dost refuse me then! ——— They shall not die?

uc. 'My Lord, since 'tis an action cannot be
 'Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think,
 'Ill instantly resolve your Highness. (Ex. Buc.)

Cat. *The King seems angry; see he gnaws his lip.*

Rich. *I'll henceforth deal with shorter sighted Fools,
 None are for me that look into my Deeds,*

'With thinking Eyes ———

High reaching Buckingham grows Circumspect.

The best on't is it may be done without him,

Tho' not so well perhaps——had he consented,

Why, then the murder had been his, not mine.——

——We'll make a shift as 'tis——Come hither, Catesby.

Where's that same Tirrel whom thou toldst me of?

Hast thou given him those sums of Gold I order'd?

Cat. *I have, my Liege.*

Rich. *Where is he?*

Cat. *He waits your Highness pleasure.*

Rich. *Give him this Ring, and say my self
 Will bring him farther Orders instantly.* (Ex. Cat.)

'The deep revolving Duke of Buckingham

No more shall be the Neighbour to my Counsels:

Has he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for Breath? Well, be it so.——

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley? What's the News?

Ld. Stan. *I hear, my Liege, the Lord Marquess of Dorset
 Is fled to Richmond, now in Brittany.*

Rich. *Why let him go, my Lord, he may be spar'd.*
Hark thee, Ratcliff, when saw'st thou Ann, my Queen?
Is she still weak? Has my Physician seen her?

Rat. *He has, my Lord, and fears her mightily.*

Rich. *But he's excell'ng skillful, she'll mend shortly.*

Rat. *I hope she will, my Lord.*

Rich. *And, if she does, I have mistook my man. (aside)
 I must be married to my Brother's Daughter,
 At whom I know the Brittain Richmond aims;
 And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown.*

But then to stain me with her Brother's Blood :

Is that the way to wooe the Sisters Love ?

'—No matter what's the way — For while they live

'My goodly Kingdom's on a weak Foundation.

'Tis done: My daring heart's resolv'd — they're dead.

Re-enter Duke of Buckingham.

Buc. *My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind,*

The late Request that you did sound me in.

Rich. *Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond.*

Buc. *I have heard the News, my Lord.*

Rich. *Stanley, he's your near Kinsman — Well, look to him.*

Buc. *My Lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise,*

'For which your Honour and your Faith's engag'd;

'The Earldom of *Hereford*, and those Moveables,

'Which you have promis'd I shall possess.

Rich. *Stanley, look to your Wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.*

Buc. 'What says your Highness to my Just request?

Rich. *I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did Prophecy that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a peevish Boy!*

'Tis odd — A King perhaps.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. *My Lord, I have obey'd your Highness Orders.*

Buc. *May it please you to resolve me in my Suit?*

Rich. *Lead Tirrel to my Closet, I'll meet him.*

Buc. *I beg your Highness ear my Lord —*

Rich. *I'm busie: Thou troubl'st me — I'm not i'th' vein.* (Ex. Rich.)

Buc. *O patience, Heaven! Is't thus he pays my service?*

Was it for this I rais'd him to the Throne?

Since he forgets the hand that lifted him,

That seated still supports him; then 'tis time

To loose my hold, and let him fall as low,

As this contemn'd, this out-cast Buckingham.

O! if the peaceful dead have any sence

Of those vile injuries they bore, while living:

Then sure the joyful Souls of Blood-suck'd Edward,

Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and All that through

His foul corrupted dealings have miscarried,

Will from the Walls of Heav'n in smiles look down

To see this Tyrant tumbling from his Throne,

His Fall unmourn'd, and Bloody as their own. (Exit.)

SCENE,

SCENE the Tower: Enter Tirrel, Dighton, and Forrest.

Tir. Come, Gentlemen:
Have you concluded on the means?

Digh. Smothering will make no noise, Sir.

Tir. Let it be done i'th' dark: For shou'd you see
Their young faces, who knows how far their looks
Of Innocence may tempt you into pity.

For. 'Tis ease and living well makes Innocence:
I hate a face less guilty than my own:
Were all that now seem Honest deep as we
In trouble and in want they'd all be Rogues.

Tir. Stand back—Lieutenant, have you brought the Keys?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I have 'em, Sir.

Tir. Then here's your warrant to deliver 'em. (gives a Ring.

Lieu. Your Servant, Sir.——

What can this mean? Why, at this dead of night to
Give 'em too?—'Tis not for me t' enquire. (Ex. Lieu.

Tir. There, Gentlemen: (Giving them the Keys.
That way! You have no farther need of me. (Ex. severally.

SCENE a Chamber, the Princes in Bed. The Stage darkned.

Pr. Ed. Why do you startle, Brother?

D. York. O! I have been so frighted in my sleep!
Pray turn this way?

Pr. Ed. Alas, I fain wou'd sleep, but cannot
Tho' 'tis the stillest night I ever knew.
Not the least breath has stir'd these four hours
Sure all the World's asleep but we.

D. York. Hark! Pray Brother count the Clock! (Clock strikes.
—But two! O tedious night: I've slept an Age.
Would it were day, I am so melancholy.

Pr. Ed. Hark! What noise is that?
I thought I heard some one upon the stairs!
Hark! Again!

D. York. O dear, I hear 'em too! Who is it, Brother?

Pr. Ed. Bless me! a light too thro' the door! look there!

D. York. Who is it? Hark! it unlocks! O! I am so afraid!

Enter Dighton and Forrest with dark lanthorns.

Pr. Ed. Bless me! What frightful men are these?

For. Who's there? Pr. Ed. Who's there?

Digh. Hilt, we've wak'd 'em! What shall we say?

For. Nothing. We come to do.

Digh. I'll see their Faces——

D. York.

D. York. Won't they speak to us ?

(*Dighton looks in with his Lanthorn.*)

O save me ! Hide me ! Save me, Brother !

Pr. Ed. O mercy Heaven ! Who are you, Sirs,
That look so ghastly pale and terrible ?

Digh. I am a Fool. ——— I cannot answer 'em.

For. You must die, my Lord, so must your Brother.

Pr. Ed. O stay, for pity sake ! What is our Crime, Sir ?
Why must we die ?

Digh. The King, your Uncle, loves you not.

Pr. Ed. O Cruel man !

Tell him we'll live in Prison all our days,
And, when we give occasion of offence,
Then let us die : H'as yet no cause to kill us.

For. Pray.

Pr. Ed. We do, Sir, to you. O spare us Gentlemen !
I was some time your King, and might have shown
You mercy : For your dear Souls sake pity us.

For. We'll hear no more.

Both Pr. O Mercy, Mercy !

For. Down, down with 'em.

{ *They smother them, and the
Scene shuts on them.*

Enter Tirrel. Solus.

Tir. 'Tis done : The barbarous bloody act is done.
' O the most Arch-deed of pitious Massacre
' That ever yet this Land was guilty of.
Ha ! the King : His coming hither at this
Late hour, speaks him impatient for the welcome News.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Now my *Tirrel*, how are the Brats dispos'd ?
Say ; am I happy ? Hast thou dealt upon 'em ?

Tir. ' If to have done the thing you gave in charge
' Beget your happiness, then, Sir, be happy ;
For it is done.

Rich. But didst thou see 'em dead ?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

Rich. And buried, my good *Tirrel* ?

Tir. In that I thought to ask your Grace's Pleasure.

Rich. I have't— I'll have 'em sure—Get me a Coffin
Full of holes, let 'em be both cram'd into't ;
And, hark thee, in the night-tide throw 'em down
The *Thames* ; once in, they'll find the way to th' bottom.
*Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
And be Inheritor of thy desire.*

Tir. I humbly thank your Highness.

Rich. About

Rich. About it strait, good *Tirrel*.

Tir. Conclude it done, my Lord.

(*Exit Tir.*)

Rich. Why then my lowdest fears are husht.

' The Sons of *Edward* have Eternal Rest,

' And *Ann*, my Wife, has bid this World good night,

While fair *Elizabeth* my beauteous Neice

Like a New Morn lights onward to my wishes.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord !

Rich. Good News, or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly ?

Cat. Bad News, my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,

And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the Field, and still his Power increases.

Rich. *Morton* with *Richmond*, touches me more near
Than *Buckingham* and his rash levied numbers.

' But come, dangers retreat when boldly they're oppos'd,

' And dull delays lead impotence and fear.

' Then fiery Expedition raise my Arm,

And fatal may it fall on crush'd Rebellion.

Let's muster Men, my Council is my Shield,

We must be brief when Traytors brave the Field.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the Queen and Dutcheß of York.

Queen. O my poor Children ! O my tender Babes !

My unblown flowers pluck'd by untimely hands :

' If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,

' And be not fix'd in doom perpetual.

' Hover about me with your Airy wings,

' And hear your Mothers Lamentation :

Why slept their Guardian Angels, when this deed was done ?

D. York. ' So many miseries have drain'd my Eyes,

' That my woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute.

' Why should Calamity be full of Words ?

Queen. Let's give 'em scope, for tho' they can't remove,

' Yet they do ease Affliction.

D. York. Why then let us be loud in Exclamations

To *Richard* ! Haste, and pierce him with our cries !

That from henceforth his Conscience may out-Tongue

The close whispers of his relentless heart.

Hark ! His Trumpet sounds ! This way he must pass.

Queen. Alas, I've not the Daring to confront him.

D. York. I have a Mothers right, I'll force him hear me.

Enter

Enter Richard with his Powers, the Dutcheſs meets and ſtops him, &c.

Rich. *Who intercepts me in my Expedition?*

D. York. *Dost thou not know me? Art thou not my Son?*

Rich. *I cry your mercy, Madam, is it you?*

D. York. *'Art thou my Son?*

Rich. *I, I thank Heaven, my Father and your Self.*

D. York. *'Then I command thee, hear me.*

Rich. *Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of Reproof.*

D. York. *Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my Words.*

Rich. *And brief, good Mother, for I am in haſte.*

D. York. *Why, I have ſtaid for thee (juſt Heaven knows
In Torment and Agony.*

Rich. *And came I not at laſt to comfort you?*

D. York. *No, on my Soul, too well thou know'ſt it.*

*A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me;
Tetchy and way-ward waſ thy Infancy,
Thy prime of Manhood daring, bold and ſtubborn:
Thy Age confirm'd moſt ſubtle, proud and bloody.*

Rich. *If I am ſo diſgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam.
Strike up the Drum.*

D. York. *Yet ſtay, I charge thee hear me.*

Queen. *If not, hear me; for I have wrongs will ſpeak
Without a Tongue: methinks the very ſight
Of me ſhou'd turn thee into ſtone.*

'Where are my Children, Richard?

D. York. *'Where is thy Brother Clarence?*

Queen. *Where Haſtings?*

D. York. *'Rivers?*

Queen. *'Vaughan?*

D. York. *'Grey?*

Rich. *A Flourish, Trumpets: Strike Allarum, Drums.
Let not the Heavens hear theſe Tell-tale Women
Rail on the Heavens Anointed. Strike, I ſay.*

[Allarum of Drums and Trumpets.

*Either be patient and intreat me fair,
Or with the Clamorous report of War
Thus will I drown your Exclamations.*

*Then hear me Heaven, and Heaven at his lateſt hour
Be Deaf to Him as he is now to me:*

*'E'er from this War he turn a Conqueror,
Ye Pow'rs, cut off his dangerous thread of Life,*

G

Least

I east his black sins rise higher in Account,
 Than Hell has pains to punish——
 Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the Field :
 Hearts Discontent, languid and lean Despair
 With all the Hells of Guilt pursue thy steps for ever. [Ex. Duc.

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less power to curse
 Abides in me : I say Amen to her.

Rich. Stay, Madam, I wou'd beg some words with you ?

Queen. ' What canst thou ask, that I have now to grant ?
 ' Ist another Son ? Richard I have none.

Rich. You have a Beauteous Daughter call'd Elizabeth.

Queen. ' Must she die too ?

Rich. For whose fair sake I'll bring more Good to you,
 Than ever You or Yours from me had Harm ;
 So in the Lethe of thy angry Soul
 Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
 ' Which thou supposhest me the cruel cause of.

Queen. Be brief, least that the process of thy Kindness
 Last longer telling than thy kindness Date.

Rich. ' Know then, that from my Soul I love the fair
 ' Elizabeth, and will, with your permission,
 ' Seat her on the Throne of England.

Queen. ' Alas, vain man, how canst thou wooe her ?

Rich. That would I learn of you,
 As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then wooe her thus,
 Send to her, by the man that kill'd her Brothers,
 ' A pair of bleeding Hearts ; thereon Engrave
 ' Edward and York : Then haply will she weep
 ' On this. Present her with an Handkerchief
 ' Stain'd in their Blood, to wipe her woeful Eyes.
 If this Inducement move her not to Love,
 Read o'er the History of thy Noble Deeds ;
 ' Tell her, thy Policy took off her Uncle
 Clarence, Rivers, Grey ; nay, and for her sake,
 Made quick conveyance with her dear Aunt Ann.

Rich. You mock me, Madam ; this is not the way
 To win your Daughter.

Queen. There is no other way,
 Unless thou couldst put on some other form,
 And not be Richard that has done all this.

Rich.

Rich. *As I intend to prosper and Repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
Of Hostile Arms; My self, my self confound,
Heaven and Fortune bar me happy hours:
Day yield me not thy light, nor Night thy Rest;
Be opposite all Planets of good luck,
To my Proceeding, if with dear Hearts Love,
Immaculate Devotion, Holy Thoughts,
I tender not the fair Elizabeth,
In her consists my happiness and thine:*

*Without her follows to my self and thee,
Her self, the Land, and many a Christian Soul,
Death, Desolation, Ruin and Decay.
'It cannot, will not be avoided, but by this.*

Queen. *What shall I say? still to affront his love,
I fear will but incense him to Revenge.
And to consent I shou'd abhor my self,
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus
By sending Richmond Word of his Intent,
Shall gain some time to let my Child escape him.
It shall be so,
I have consider'd, Sir, of your important wishes,
And cou'd I but believe you real——*

} *Aside.*

Rich. *Now by the sacred Hosts of Saints above——*

Queen. *O do not swear, my Lord, I ask no Oath;
Unless my Daughter doubts you more than I.*

Rich. *O my kind Mother (I must call you so)
Be thou to her my loves soft Orator;
Plead what I Will be, not what I Have been;
Not my deserts, but what I Will deserve:
'And when this Warlike arm shall have chastis'd
'Th' audacious Rebel hot-brain'd Buckingham:
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy Daughter to a Conqueror's Bed.*

Queen. *My Lord, farewell: in some few days expect
To hear how fair a progress I have made.
Till when be Happy, as you're Penitent.*

Rich. *My heart goes with you to my Love, farewell.
'Relenting, Shallow-thoughted Woman. [Exit. Q.]
How now! the News?*

Enter Ratcliff.

*Rat. Most gracious Sovereign, on the Western Coast
Rides a most powerful Navy and our fears
Inform us Richmond is their Admiral,
There do they Hull expecting but the aid,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a shore.*

Rich. ' We must prevent him then. Come hither Catesby.

Cat. ' My Lord, your pleasure?

*Rich. Post to the Duke of Norfolk instantly;
Bid him strait levy all the strength and power
That he can make, and meet me suddenly.*

At Salisbury: Commend me to his Grace: away!

(Exit Cat.)

Well, my Lord, What News have you gather'd?

Enter Lord Stanley.

Ld. Stan. Richmond is on the Seas, my Lord.

*Rich. There let him sink, and be the Seas on Him:
White Liver'd Runnagade, what does he there?*

Ld. Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.

Rich. Well, as you guess?

*Ld. Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England here to claim the Crown.*

*Rich. Traytor, the Crown: Where is thy power then
To beat him back?*

Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers?

*' The Foe upon our Coast, and thou no Friends to meet 'em?
Or hast thou marched 'em to the Western shore,
To give the Rebels Conduct from their Ships?*

Ld. Stan. My Lord, my Friends are ready all, i'th' North.

*Rich. The North! Why, what do they do in the North,
When they shou'd serve their Sovereign in the West?*

*Ld. Stan. They yet have had no Orders, Sir, to move:
If 'tis your Royal Pleasure they should march,*

' I'll lead 'em on with utmost haste to joyn you,

' Where, and what Time your Majesty shall please.

Rich. What, thou wou'dst be gone, to joyn with Richmond?

Ld. Stan.

Ld. Stan. 'Sir, you've no Cause to doubt my Loyalty ;
'I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be false.

Rich. Away then, to thy Friends, and lead 'em on
'To meet me—Hold ! Come back ! I will not trust thee,
I've thought a way to make thee sure : Your Son
George Stanley, Sir, I'll have him left behind ;
And look your Heart be Firm,
Or else his heads Assurance is but Frail.

Ld. Stan. *As I prove true, my Lord, so deal with him.* (Exit Stan.)

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *My Lord, the Army of Great Buckingham*
By sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Is half lost and scatter'd,
And he himself wander'd away alone ;
No man knows whither.

Rich. 'Has any careful Officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in ?

Mes. *Such Proclamation has been made, my Lord.*

Enter Catesby.

Cat. *My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken.*

Rich. *Off with his head. So much for Buckingham.*

Cat. *My Lord, I'm sorry I must tell more News.*

Rich. *Out with it.*

Cat. *The Earl of Richmond with a mighty power*
Is Landed, Sir, at Milford :

And to confirm the News, Lord Marquess Dorset,
And Sir Thomas Lovewel are up in Yorkshire.

Rich. Why ay, this looks Rebellion. Ho ! my Horse !
by Heaven the News allarms my stirring Soul.

'And as the Wretch, whose favour weakned joynts,

'Like strengthless hinges buckle under Life ;

'Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

'From his fond Keeper's Arms, and starts away :

'Even so these War-worn Limbs grown weak

'From Wars disuse, being now inrag'd with War,

'Feel a new Fury, and are thrice themselves.

Come forth my Honest Sword, which here I vow,

By my Souls hope, shall ne'er again be sheath'd,

No'er

Ne'er shall these watching Eyes have needful rest,
Till Death has clos'd 'em in a glorious Grave,
Or Fortune given me Measure of Revenge.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth A C T.

A C T the Fifth.

S C E N E, *The Field:*

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,
marching.*

Richm. **T***Hus far into the bowels of the Land
Have we march'd on without Impediment.*

‘ *Richard, the bloody and devouring Boar,
Whose Ravenous Appetite has spoil'd your Fields ;
Laid this rich Country waste, and rudely crop'd
Its ripned hopes of fair prosperity,
Is now ev'n in the center of the Isle,
As we're inform'd, near to the Town of Leicester :
From Tamworth thither, is but one days march.
And, here receive we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of fair Comfort and Encouragement,
Such as will help and animate our cause,
On which lets Cheerly, on Courageous Friends,
To reap the harvest of a lasting Peace ;
Or Fame more lasting from a well fought War.*

*Ox. Your words have fire, my Lord, and warm our men,
Who look'd methought but cold before, disheartned
With the unequal numbers of the Foe.*

*Richm. Why, double 'em still, our Cause wou'd Conquer 'em.
Thrice is he arm'd that has his Quarrel Just,
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in Steel,
Whose Conscience with Injustice is Corrupted:
The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him.*

Blunt. His best of Friends, no doubt will soon be ours.

Ox. He has no Friends but what are such thro' fear

Richm.

Richm. And we no Foes but what are such to Heaven;
Then doubt not, Heaven's for us. Let's on, my Friends:
*True hope ne'er tires, but mounts with Eagles wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.*

(Exit.

*The Scene, Bosworth Field: Enter Richard in Arms, with
Norfolk, Ratcliff, Surrey, &c.*

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, ev'n in Bosworth Field:
My good Lord of Norfolk, the cheerful speed
Of your supply, has merited my thanks.

D. Nor. I am rewarded, Sir, in having power
To serve your Majesty.

Rich. You have our thanks, my Lord. Up with my Tent:
Here will I lie to night — But where to morrow? Well,
No matter where — Has any careful Friend
Discover'd yet the number of the Rebels?

D. Nor. 'My Lord, as I from certain Spies am well
'Inform'd, six or seven thousand is their
'Utmost Power.

Rich. Why, our Battalions treble that account;
Beside, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.

D. York. Their wants are greater yet, my Lord: Those ev'n
Of Motion, Life, and Spirit—Did you but know
How wretchedly their Men disgrace the Field.
O! such a tatter'd Host of mounted Scare-crows,
'So poor, so famish'd; their Executors,
'The greedy Crows, fly hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean Inheritance.

Rich. 'Now, by St. Paul, we'll send 'em Dinners and Apparel;
'Nay, give their fasting Horses Provender,
'And after fight 'em. How long must we stay,
My Lords, before these desp'rate Fools will give
Us time to lay 'em with their Faces upwards?

D. Nor. Unless their Famine saves our Swords that labour,
To morrows Sun will light 'em to their ruin,
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us Battle.

Rich. The sooner still the better. — Come, my Lords,
Now let's survey, the 'vantage of the Ground:
Call me some men of sound direction. Lead.

Nor. My

D. Nor. My Gracious Lord.—

Rich. What say'st thou, *Norfolk*?

D. Nor. Might I advise your Majesty, you yet
Shall save the blood that may be shed to morrow.

Rich. How so, my Lord?

Nor. The poor Condition of the Rebels tells me,
That on a Pardon offer'd to the lives
Of those who instantly shall quit their Arms,
Young *Richmond*, e'er to morrows dawn, were Friendless.

Rich. Why, that indeed was our Sixth *Harry's* way,
Which made his Reign one Scene of rude Commotion.
I'll be in mens despite a Monarch: No,
Let Kings that Fear, Forgive; Blows and Revenge for me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Sir William Brandon, &c.

Richm. The weary Sun has made a Golden set,
And by yon ruddy brightness of the Clouds,
Gives token of a goodly Day to morrow;
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard.
'Here have I drawn the model of our Battle,
'Which parts in just proportion our small Power.
Here may each Leader know his several Charge:
My Lord of Oxford, you *Sir Walter Herbert*,
And *Sir William Brandon*, stay with me:
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his Regiment.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Sir, a Gentleman that calls himself *Stanley*,
Desires admittance to the Earl of *Richmond*.

Richm. Now by our hopes, my Noble Father-in-Law,
Admit him—My good Friends, your leave a while. [*They retire.*]

Enter Lord Stanley in a Cloak.

My Honour'd Father! On my Soul
The joy of seeing you this night is more,
Than my most knowing hopes presag'd—What News?

Ld. Stan. I, by Commission bless thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:

'The Queen too, has with tears of joy consented,
'Thou should'st espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter,
At whom the Tyrant *Richard* closely aims:

'In brief (for now the shortest moment of
'My stay is bought with hazard of my Life)

Prepare thy Battle early in the morning,
(For so the season of Affairs requires)

And

' And this be sure of, I, upon the first
Occasion offer'd, will deceive some Eyes,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of Arms ;
 ' In which I had more forward been e'er this,
 ' But that the Life of thy young Brother George
 (Whom for my pawn of Faith stern Richard keeps)
 ' Wou'd then be forfeit to his wild Revenge.

Farewel : The rude enforcement of the time
 ' Denies me to revive those Vows of Love ———
Which so long sunder'd Friends shou'd dwell upon.

Richm. We may meet again, my Lord ———

Ld. Stan. Till then, once more farewell : Be resolute, and Conquer.

Richm. Give him safe Conduct to his Regiment. [Exit Ld. Stan.]

Well, Sirs, to morrow proves a busie day :
 But come, the night's far spent— Let's in to Counsel.
 Captain, an hour before the Sun gets up

Let me be wak'd ; I will in Person walk
From Tent to Tent, and early chear the Soldiers.

(Exeunt.

The SCENE, before Richard's Tent : Richard, Ratcliff,
 Norfolk and Catesby.

Rich. Catesby !

Cat. Here, my Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Arms
To Stanley's Regiment : Bid him 'fore Sun-rise,
Meet me with his Power, or young George's head
Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay.
What, is my Beaver easier than it was ?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent ?

Cat. It is, my Liege : All is in readines.

Rich. Good Norfolk, hye thee to thy Charge ;
Use careful Watch : Chuse trusty Centinels.

D. Nor. Doubt not, my Lord.

Rich. Be stirring with the Lark, good Norfolk.

D. Nor. I shall, my Lord. (Exit D. Nor.)

Rich. Saddle White Surrey for the Field to morrow.
Is Ink and Paper ready ?

Cat. It is, my Lord.

Rich. An hour after Midnight, come to my Tent,
And help to Arm me. A good night, my Friends.

(Exit.

Rat. Methinks the King has not that pleas'd Alacrity
Nor Cheer of Mind that he was wont to have.

Cat. The meer effect of business——

H

You'll

You'll find him, Sir, another Man i'th' Field,
 When you shall see him with his Beavours up,
 Ready to mount his Neighing Steed, with whom
 He smiling, seems to have some wanton talk,
 Clapping his pampers' sides to hold him still;
 Then, with a motion swift, and light as Air,
 Like fiery *Mars* he Vaults him to the saddle;
 Looks Terror to the Foe, and Courage to his Soldiers.

Rat. Good night to *Richmond* then; for, as I hear,
 His numbers are so few, and those so sick
 And famish'd in their march, if he dares fight us.
 He jumps into the Sea to cool his Fever.
 But come, 'tis late: Now let's to our Tents,
 We've few hours good before the Trumpet wakes us:

(Ex:

Enter Richard from his Tent. Solus.

Rich. 'Tis now the dead of Night, and half the World
 Is with a lonely solemn darkness hung;
 Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me)
 With all the weary Courtship of
 My Care-tir'd thoughts can't win her to my Bed;
 Tho' ev'n the Stars do wink as 'twere, with over watching—
 I'll forth, and walk a while—The Air's refreshing,
 And the ripe Harvest of the new-mown Hay
 Gives it a sweet and wholesome Odour:
 'How awful is this gloom—and hark from Camp to Camp
 'The humm of either Army stilly sounds:
*That the fixt Centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other watch.*
 'Steeds threatens Steeds in high and boastful neighings,
 'Piercing the nights dull Ear. Hark from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 'With clink of hammers closing rivets up
Give Dreadful note of Preparation; while some
 'Like sacrifices by their fires of watch,
 'With patience sit, and inly ruminate
 'The mornings danger. By yon Heav'n my stern
 'Impatience chides this tardy-gated night,
 'Who, like a foul and ugly Witch, does limp
 So tediously away: I'll to my Couch,
 And once more try to sleep her into morning.

(lies down.

A Groan is heard.

Ha ! What means that dismal voice ? Sure 'tis
 The Eccho of some yawning Grave,
 That teems with an untimely Ghost.—'Tis gone !
 'Twas but my Fancy, or perhaps the Wind
 Forcing his entrance thro' some hollow Cavern ;
 No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy. *(Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Henry VI. rises.

K. H. Gh. O thou, whose unrelenting thoughts, not all
 The hideous Terrours of thy Guilt can shake,
 Whose Conscience with thy Body ever sleeps:
 Sleep on, while I by Heavens high Ordinance
 In dreams of horror wake thy frightened Soul :
 Now give thy thoughts to me, let 'em behold
 These gaping Wounds, which thy Death-dealing hand
 Within the Tower gave my Anointed Body,
 Now shall thy own devouring Conscience gnaw
 Thy heart, and terribly revenge my Murder.

The Ghosts of the young Princes rise.

Pr. Gh. Richard, dream on ; and see the wandring spirits
 Of thy young Nephews, murder'd in the Tower :
 Cou'd not our Youth, our Innocence perswade
 Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives ?
 Who, but for thee, alas, might have enjoy'd
 Our many promis'd years of Happiness.
 No Soul, save thine, but pitties our misusage :
 O ! 'twas a cruel deed ! therefore alone,
 Unpitting, unpittied shalt thou fall. *(Vanish.*

The Ghost of Ann his Wife rises.

A. Gh. Think on the wrongs of wretched Ann thy Wife,
 Ev'n in the Battles heat remember me,
 And edgeless fall thy Sword Despair, and Die.

K. H. Gh. The mornings dawn has summon'd me away :
 Now Richard wake in all the Hells of Guilt,
 And let that wild despair which now does prey
 Upon thy mangled thoughts, allarm the World.
 Awake Richard, awake ! To guilty minds
 A terrible Example.— *(Sinks.*

(Rich. starts out of his sleep.

H 2

Rich.

Rich. Give me another Horse : Bind up my wounds ?
 ' Have mercy, Heaven. Ha !—soft !—'Twas but a dream :
 But then so terrible, it shakes my Soul.
 Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling Flesh,
 My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror.
 O Tyrant Conscience ! how dost thou afflict me !
 When I look back, 'tis terrible Retreating :
 I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent :
 I am but Man, and Fate, do thou dispose me.
 Who's there ?

Enter Catesby.

Cat. 'Tis I, my Lord ; the Village Cock
 Has thrice done salutation to the morn :
 Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

Rich. ' O Catesby ! I have had such horrid dreams. —————

Cat. ' Shadows, my Lord, below the Soldier's heeding.

Rich. Now, by my this days hopes, shadows to night
 ' Have struck more terror to the Soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten Thousand Soldiers
 Arm'd all in Proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Cat. ' Be more your self, my Lord : Consider, Sir ;
 ' Were it but known a dream had frightened you,
 ' How wou'd your animated Foes presume on't.

Rich. Perish that thought : No, never be it said,
 That Fate it self could awe the Soul of Richard.
 Hence, Babling dreams, you threaten here in vain :
 Conscience avant ; Richard's himself again.

Hark ! the shrill Trumpet sounds, to Horse : Away !
 My Soul's in Arms, and eager for the Fray.

[Exit.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, &c. Marching.

Richm. Halt !— (Soldiers halt, halt, &c.)
 How far is it into the morning, Friends ?

Ox. Near four, my Lord.

Richm. 'Tis well : I'm glad to find we are such early stirers.

Ox. Methinks the Foe's less forward than we thought 'em :
 Worn as we are, we brave the Field before 'em.

Richm. Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste :
 ' If dreams should animate a Soul resolv'd,
 ' I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to night.
 ' Methought that all the Ghosts of them, whose Bodies

Richard

' Richard murther'd, came mourning to my Tent,
' And rous'd me to revenge 'em.

Ox. A good Omen, Sir : Hark ! the Trumpet of
The Enemy. It speaks them on the march.

Richm. ' Why, then let's on, my Friends, to face 'em :

' In Peace there's nothing so becomes a Man

' As mild behaviour and humility :

' But when the blast of War blows in our ears,

' Let us be Tygers in our fierce deportment.

' For me, the ransome of my bold attempt

' Shall be this Body, on the Earth's cold Face :

But, if we thrive, the Glory of the Action

The meanest here shall share his part of.

' Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords :

' Sound, Drums and Trumpets, boldly and cheerfully.

The Word's Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Richard, Catesby, marching.

Rich. *Who saw the Sun to day ?*

Cat. He has not yet broke forth, my Lord.

Rich. *Then he disdains to shine ; For, by the Clock,*

He should have brav'd the East an hour ago.

Not shine to day ?——Why, what is that to me,

' More than to Richmond ? For the self-same Heaven

' That frowns on me, looks lowring upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Prepare, my Lord, the Foe's in the Field.

Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ; Caparison my Horse :

Call forth Lord Stanley ; bid him bring his Power.

My self will lead the Soldiers to the Plain.

(*Exit Catesby.*)

Well, Norfolk, what thinkst thou now ?

Nor. That we shall Conquer, Sir ; but on my Tent

This morning early was this Paper found.

Rich. [reads.] Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,

For Dickon thy Master is bought and sold.

' A weak invention of the Enemy.

' Come, Gentlemen, now each man to his Charge.

What shall I say more than I have infer'd :

Remember whom you are to Cope withal,

A scum of Britains, Rascals, Run-aways ;

Whom their o'er cloy'd Country vomits forth

To

To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
 If we be Conquer'd, let Men Conquer us,
 And not these Bastard Britains, whom our Fathers
 'Have in their own Land, beaten, spurn'd, and trod on,
 And left 'em on Record, the Heirs of shame ;
 Are these Men fit to be the Heirs of England ?

Enter Catesby.

What says Lord Stanley: Will he bring his Power ?

Cat. He does refuse, my Lord: He will not, Sir.

Rich. Off with his Son Georges head.

(Trumpet sounds.

Nor. My Lord, the Foe's already past the Marsh :

After the Battle let young Stanley die.

Rich. Why, after be it then——

A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom.

'Draw Archers, draw your Arrows to the head,

'Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood :

And thou, our Warlike Champion, thrice Renown'd

St. George inspire us with the Rage of Lyons ——

Upon 'em ! Charge !—Follow me——

(Exeunt.

An Alarm is heard : Richard re-enters alone.

Rich. What, ho ! young Richmond, ho ! 'tis Richard calls

I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster ;

'Now if thou dost not hide thee from my Sword,

'Now while the angry Trumpet sounds Alarm,

'And dead mens groans transpierce the wounded Air.

'Richmond, I say, come forth, and single face me :

'Richard is Hoarse with Daring thee to Arms.

The Alarm continues : Enter Catesby, and the D. of Nor. in disorder.

Cat. Rescue ! rescue ! my Lord of Norfolk, haste.

The King Enacts more wonders than a Man,

Daring as opposite to every danger :

His Horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of Death.

'Nay, haste my Lord: the day's against us.

(Exeunt.

Enter Richard and Ratcliff in disorder.

Rich. A Horse ! a Horse ! my Kingdom for an Horse !

Rat.

Rat. ' This way, this way, my Lord ; below yon thicket
' Stands a swift Horse. Away, ruin pursues us.
' Withdraw, my Lord, for only flight can save you.

Rich. *Slave, I have set my Life upon a Cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye.*

I think there be six Richmonds in the Field ;

Five have I slain to day, instead of him.

An Horse ! an Horse ! my Kingdom for an Horse. (Ex.

Re-enter Richard, and Richmond meeting.

Rich. ' Of one, or both of us the time is come.

Richm. Kind Heaven I thank thee, for my Cause is thine ;
If *Richard's* fit to live let *Richmond* fall.

Rich. Thy Gallant bearing, *Harry*, I cou'd plaud,
But that the spotted Rebel stains the Soldier.

Richm. Nor shou'd thy Prowess, *Richard*, want my praise,
But that thy cruel deeds have stamp't thee Tyrant.
So thrive my Sword as Heaven's high Vengeance draws it.

Rich. ' My Soul and Body on the Action both.

Richm. A dreadful lay : Here's to decide it. (Alarm, fight.

Rich. Perdition catch thy Arm. The chance is thine :

(Richard is wounded.

But oh ! the vast Renown thou hast acquired
In Conquering *Richard*, does afflict him more
Than even his Bodies parting with its Soul :

' Now let the World no longer be a Stage

' To feed contention in a lingring Act :

' But let one spirit of the First-born *Cain*

' Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set

' On bloody Actions, the rude Scene may end,

' And darkness be the Burier of the Dead. (Dies.

Richm. Farewel, *Richard*, and from thy dreadful end
May future Kings from Tyranny be warn'd ;
Had thy aspiring Soul but stir'd in Vertue
With half the Spirit it has dar'd in Evil,
How might thy Fame have grac'd our *English* Annals :
But as thou art, how fair a Page thou'st blotted.
Hark ! the glad Trumpets speak the Field our own.

Enter Oxford and Lord Stanley : Soldiers follow with Richard's Crown.

Richm. O welcome, Friends : My Noble Father welcome.

Heaven and our Arms be prais'd the day is ours.

See there, my Lords, stern *Richard* is no more.

Ld. Stan.

Ld. Stan. *Victorious Richmond well hast thou acquitted thee :
 — And see, the just reward that Heaven has sent thee.
 ‘ Among the Glorious spoils of Bosworth Field,
 ‘ We’ve found the Crown, which now in right is thine :
 ‘ ’Tis doubly thine by Conquest, and by Choice.
 ‘ Long Live Henry the Seventh, King of England. (Shouts here.
 Richm. Next to Just Heaven, my Noble Countrymen,
 I owe my thanks to you, whose love I’m proud of,
 And Ruling well shall speak my Gratitude.
 But now, my Lords, what Friends of us are missing?
 Pray tell me : Is young George Stanley living?
 Ld. Stan. He is, my Liege, and safe in Leicester Town,
 Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.*

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. My Lord, the Queen and fair Elizabeth,
 Her beauteous Daughter, some few miles off, are
 On their way to Gratulate your Victory.
 Richm. Ay, there indeed my toil’s rewarded.
 Let us prepare to meet ’em, Lords, and then,
As we’re already bound by solemn Vows ;
 ‘ We’ll twine the Roses red and white together,
 ‘ And both from one kind stalk shall flourish :
 England has long been mad, and scarr’d her self.
 ‘ The Brother blindly shed the Brother’s blood :
 ‘ The Father rashly slaughter’d his own Son :
 ‘ The bloody Son compell’d, has kill’d his Sire.
 ‘ O! Now let Henry and Elizabeth,
 The true Succeeders of each Royal House
 ‘ Conjoyn’d together, heal those deadly wounds :
 ‘ And be that wretch of all mankind abhor’d,
 ‘ That would reduce those bloody days again :
 ‘ Ne’er let him live to taste our Joys encrease,
 ‘ That would with Treason wound fair England’s Peace.

F I N I S.

There is in the Press, and will speedily be Publish’d,
TH E Elements of History, from the Creation of the World, to the Monarchy
 of *Constantine the Great*; being an Abridgment of *HowePs* History of the
 World, done by himself: Containing the Affairs of the Empires; in a new Order
 and Method: With a Description of the Kingdoms and Republicks contemporary
 with them, and a brief account of their Magistrates, and Political Governments.
 Printed for *Richard Wellington* at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* at the West-End of *St.*
Johns-Church-yard: Where Gentlemen and Ladies may have all sorts of Plays.

